



No. 484.—Vol. XXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS CALYPSO IN "ULYSSES," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



It is rather strange that, whilst everybody is willing to admit that drink is our national vice, no two people are agreed as to our national virtue. Some will tell you that it is bravery; others, commercial enterprise. Lord Salisbury, probably, would vote for magnanimity; Mr. Chamberlain, for faith. They are all wrong. Our national virtue, I assert, is patience—the very same quality that distinguishes the humble ass. Just at first, perhaps, you may not be inclined to agree with me, but reflect for a moment. What is it that prevents us from arising in our might and wiping the Pro-Boer politicians and the Pro-Boer journalists from off the surface of the earth? Patience. What is it that makes it possible for actor-managers to produce dull, inartistic plays without coming to a swift and terrible end? The patience of the public. Why do we allow newsboys to rush through the streets screaming fictitious intelligence in the ears of nervous ladies and gentlemen? Why do we not make away with those complacent bores who stand in the middle of the pavement and shoot advertising pamphlets into the hands of worried passers-by? Why does no one protest against the practice in favour amongst guards and porters of banging violently the doors of railway-carriages, without a thought for the miserable patrons inside? Because the public is an ass.

We ought not, however, to take too great pride in the possession of this asininity, because, after all, it has evolved quite naturally out of the circumstances under which we live. I mean, it is really a matter of climate. Recall, for example, the specimens of weather to which we were treated last month. At the beginning of April, as nearly as I remember, the sun came out and shone brightly; the wind was warm and soothing; the flowers budded; the cabmen smiled; I stepped it out jauntily. That lasted for about a week; then all was changed in a trice. The sun disappeared; the wind came biting from the east; the cabmen swore; I shivered to and fro like a solitary leaf in autumn. Yet the public put up with it. The number of murders increased a little, perhaps, and there were a few extra suicides. With these exceptions, however, everybody contented themselves with grumbling and went about their business as usual. The same sort of thing has been happening as long as anyone can remember, and it will go on happening all the time. We shall wait for fine weather, and wait and wait and wait. When it comes, we shall just have time to take it in our arms, kiss it, fondle it, and then away will go the sun and down will come the rain again. The weather in this country will always be beastly and we shall always go on being patient and putting up with it.

I had a bad headache on Friday night, the natural result of visiting two picture-shows in the course of one day. The first of these was the Academy. I need hardly tell you that I "rushed round" the Academy; you would scarcely expect so nicely trained a Fool as myself to do anything unconventional in the way of studying the Exhibition. At the same time, I should like to inform any country cousin who may be in a state of doubt that it is not half so tiring to rush round as it sounds. There was a time when I myself took the expression literally, and, in my mind's eye, saw a mob of ruffled ladies and shinily hatted men tearing madly from room to room with half-a-dozen fat policemen waddling after them to pick up any that succumbed to the heat and the excitement. However, it isn't like that at all. Most of the people who "rush round" on Private View Day accomplish the feat by lolling on the lounges in the centre of the rooms and criticising the dresses of those who saunter past. Perhaps, in the case of some of them, the walls rush round and save them the trouble of moving. For myself, I made a point of going into each room last Friday, just, if I may so put

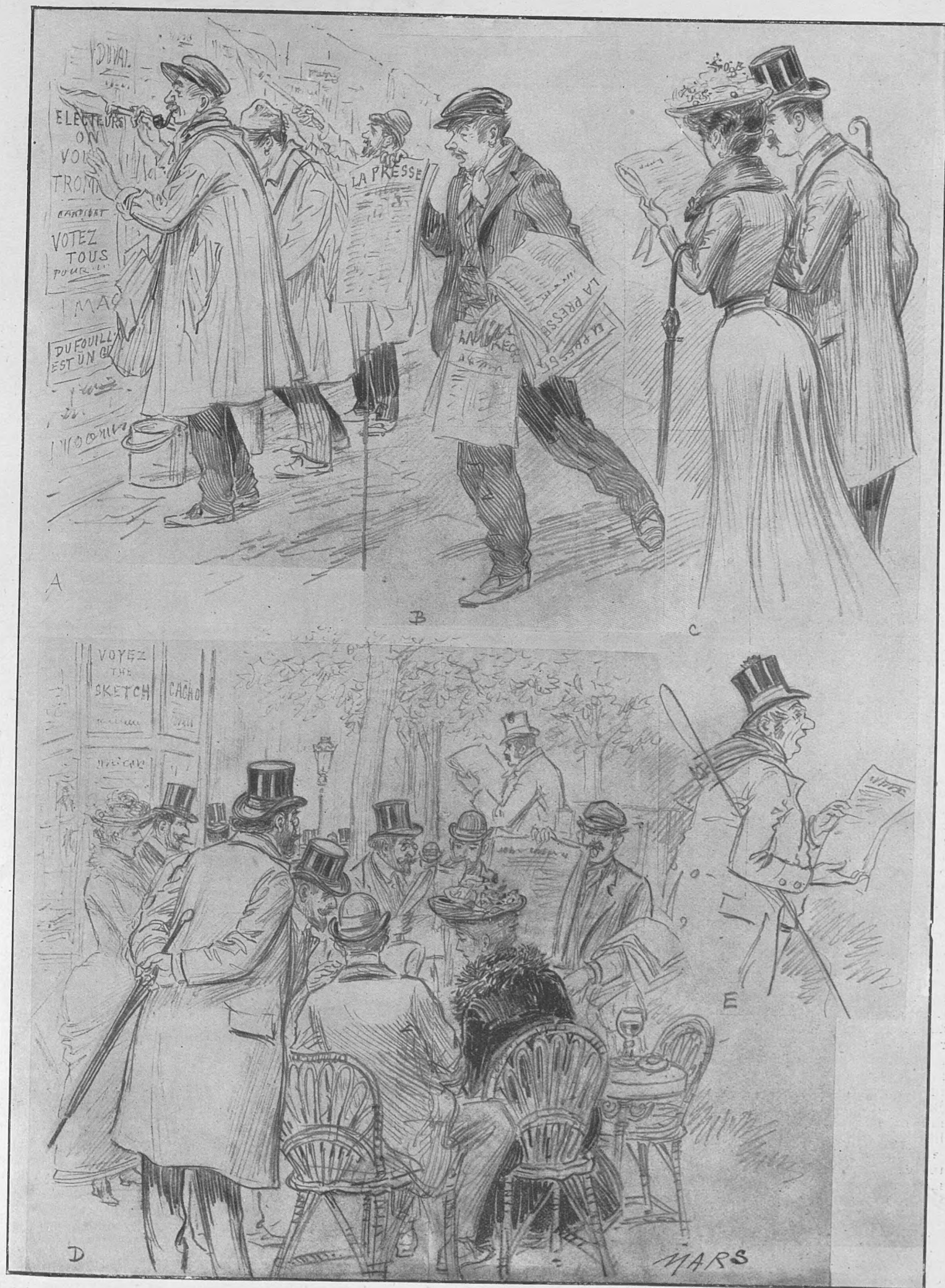
it, to see that the pictures were there all right. As I expected, there they were, hanging up in neat rows and framed quite nicely. The general effect was a little bewildering, but no matter.

The other show I attended was at the Langham Sketching Club. This was a more Bohemian affair; one talked quite loudly to perfect strangers, and executed private pirouettes without attracting the least attention. Here, too, there were plenty of framed pictures, hanging in neat rows. One could not examine all of them minutely, but I noted some charming studies by Douglas Almond, Lewis Baumer, James Greig, and other *Sketch* artists. To fill in the intervals between art gossip, there was a musical entertainment of unusual quality. The entertainers, among whom were Robert Ganthony, Courtice Pounds, and the veteran Odell, appealed to us from the platform that is usually occupied by the models. The listeners, mainly composed of young, earnest students, stood grouped around in a close, genial mass, and I can assure you that they made a delightfully appreciative audience. I suppose, if there is any real Bohemianism in London, you will find it in these cheery little nurseries of art such as the London Sketch Club and the Langham Sketching Club. London Bohemianism has been killed, to a great extent, by the pecuniary prosperity resultant on the introduction of the halfpenny illustrated paper, but those who know where to look can still see the spirit of Old Bohemia battling for life in quaint, cramped corners of this mercenary Metropolis.

The first-night of "Sapho," at the Adelphi, was chiefly notable for the deplorable display of vulgarity on the part of the gallery at the close of the performance. I am willing to admit that the play, in the main, was dull to distraction, but nothing short of physical torture would have justified the hooting and hissing that greeted the fall of the final curtain. It was all the more unpardonable because everybody in the house had derived a certain amount of pleasure from Miss Olga Nethersole's acting. Indeed, the applause at the end of the second and third Acts clearly showed that even the hooters had been, so far as the littleness of their tiny souls would allow them, stirred to some feelings of emotion by the poignancy of the situations and the intensity of Sapho's anguish. Despite themselves, they had been dragged, momentarily, out of their normal condition of mental sluggishness. But, because the first Act shocked them and the last Act bored them, they must needs lament their sticky shillings by conduct ten thousand times more grossly animal than could ever be laid to the charge of poor Sapho. Tired as I was, I summoned up enough energy to hate, for the time being, those ill-behaved creatures who took advantage of the darkened theatre to insult a woman.

"Blue-bell," at the Vaudeville, is just about as dainty and amusing a show as London has to offer. I have seen it from the stalls, from the dress-circle, from the wings, from the flies, and from the orchestra, so I ought to know something about it. I saw it from the orchestra last Saturday night, when Mr. Walter Slaughter, the composer and conductor, graciously found me a seat amongst his merry men and allowed me to play the triangle. It is rather a weird thing, if you haven't done it before, to see a performance from the conductor's point of view. You are so close to the stage that you feel inclined to carry on a conversation with the actors—and actresses—and, save when they applaud, it is quite possible to forget that the audience is behind. I'm afraid that I cannot extract any more sensations from "Blue-bell" as a mere spectator; I must see if I can persuade Mr. Seymour Hicks to let me play a little part of some kind. Surely I couldn't do much harm if I came on as a dormouse!

Chicot



THE ELECTIONEERING FEVER IN PARIS.

(A) Wall-decorators: a morning sight. (B) The latest results. (C) "One heart, one soul" (Honeymooners). (D) Boulevard politicians. (E) The State Coach's jehu.
SPECIALLY SKETCHED ON THE SPOT BY "MARS."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

FIRST NOTICE.

"IS it a better Show than usual?" "What is the picture of the year?" I was confronted with these questions almost immediately I left Burlington House, and, as they probably typify a general desire for useful knowledge—useful, I mean, for passing on to one's neighbour at dinner—I will say at once that, though the general tone of the exhibition is enhanced by the presence of a few distinguished works, it is not, as a whole, above the average. On this point there is not likely to be much difference of opinion, though there may be some as to the question of the picture of the year. Mr. Luke Fildes' portrait of the King occupies the place of honour and has a decorative setting that emphasises its importance. Indeed, it is an impressive picture, showing His Majesty in all the splendour of his crimson and ermine robes, with the regalia beside him. The likeness is unimpeachable. Still, to my mind, the work has a defect, for the magnificence of the surroundings and costume seems to dwarf the figure of the Sovereign, which thus conveys the idea of a man of shorter stature than his. It is a matter that might well have occupied more of the artist's attention, for, whatever His Majesty's height may really be, his presence is always commanding—more so, I think, than it appears to be in this representation. I think Mr. Sargent's "The Ladies Alexandra, Mary, and Theo Acheson" will be more generally discussed, for in its bold scheme of white, orange, and green—the three ladies in white gowns being grouped under an orange-tree, while there is a great orange-hued vase in the centre of the work—it has some of those qualities of originality that occasionally give rise to lively discussion. The central figure is an embodiment of daintiness and vivacity, and the eye focusses on her the more naturally through the restraint that marks the treatment of the others. Mr. Sargent exhibits several other notable works, and I may specially direct attention to the sparkling portrait of the Duchess of Portland and the quiet and reserved representation of "Mrs. Endicott." In this work may be recognised something of the poetry of age. While there are no works that are likely to rival the two first-mentioned in the contest for premiership, there are a few of more than ordinary charm, and among these a leading place must be accorded to Mr. Frank Dicksee's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," an exceptionally romantic composition, full of fine colour and consummate technique, with the fairy-like lady on horseback and the entranced knight by her side. Near this, also in the first gallery, is probably the best landscape in the exhibition, namely, "Poplars," by Mr. Alfred Parsons, who has made the tone of his remarkably effective sky influence the whole picture so truthfully as to produce a harmony of atmospheric colour. Mr. Farquharson's moonlight on snow, Mr. Briton Riviere's "Aphrodite" (with its group of well-studied wild beasts), and Mr. Stanhope Forbes's effect of artificial light, also demand attention in the first gallery. Passing to the next room, appreciative notice is claimed by Mr. Yeend King's romantic landscape, "Market Morning," while Mr. Solomon's nude figure, "Psyche," must also be a source of interest, though its peculiarly dislocated attitude does not add to its charm. Sir W. B. Richmond exhibits a rich and decorative colour scheme, suggested by the "Iliad," in the main gallery; and here, also, should be noted the finely rendered camel in Mr. Goodall's Egyptian scene; Mr. Alfred East's exceedingly delicate landscape, "The Valley of the Lambourne"; Mr. Stanhope Forbes's sunny and

naturalistic "Chadding in Mounts Bay"; the highly finished portrait of Mrs. D'Arcy by Mr. Frank Dicksee; Mr. Peter Graham's dashing sea, rocks, and sea-birds; and the President's carefully wrought little work, "Storm Nymphs."

There are also to be observed an effect of sunlight and shadow strongly rendered without violent contrasts by Mr. La Thangue in "Tucking the Rick"; a prettily sentimental idea of Mr. Marcus Stone's, "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder," in which an eighteenth-century maid lingers alone beside a tree whereon two hearts are cut; a clever portrait of Lady Marjorie Manners, into which Mr. Shannon has imported some of the feeling of the old Dutch Masters; and a picture of soft, atmospheric tone, in which Mr. Albert Goodwin has represented "Salisbury Close."

Among the works in the other galleries, attention will be arrested by a sensational composition which the Hon. John Collier entitles "The Plague." The horror of the discovery of a handsome woman lying dead beside a window, through which the moonlight streams

and imparts additional ghastliness to her appearance, will probably be shared by many who see this picture. The artist has another dramatically conceived work, "A Confession," made by a wife to a husband at the fireside. The fire-light glow on the figures, in contrast with the darkness of the surroundings, provides material for an effective arrangement of colour. One welcomes a contribution from M. Carolus Duran, whose "Mrs. Charles S. Henry" is a remarkably strong portrait, and Mr. Napier Hemy's "The Crew" is a good example of his clever marine painting. Mr. Glazebrook contributes a telling likeness of Viscount Goschen, and Mr. Shannon has, perhaps, been rather unkind in his portrait of Mr. Phil May.

A touching incident of the War is rendered by Miss Kemp-Welch in "The Morning," whose early light reveals



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"Take, O take those lips away, that so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day, lights that do mislead the morn."

FROM THE PAINTING BY ELIZABETH FORBES, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

a patient horse still waiting beside the body of a trooper. "The Riverbank" is an attractive landscape by Mr. Arnesby-Brown, with well-studied atmosphere, cattle, and a fading rainbow. Mr. Frank Bramley's "Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers" is not merely a portrait-group, but a telling pictorial composition. A good deal of imagination goes to the making of the striking work, "A Fallen Angel," by Mr. G. H. Boughton. A realistic picture on an extensive scale and illustrating several phases of rustic character is Mr. F. D. Millet's "Proclaiming the King." Mr. Seymour Lucas's representation of the reception of the Moorish Ambassador by the King and Queen was painted and is now exhibited by command of His Majesty. It is a highly successful rendering of a Court function at St. James's Palace, the white robe of the Ambassador being in forcible contrast with the rich colour of the interior, while the portraits of their Majesties, small as they must necessarily be, are very skilfully executed. There is a picture by Mr. John Charlton of Queen Victoria passing down St. James's Street on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee—a work that must engage attention, and the quiet, low-toned composition by Miss Young, "The First Communion," is one whose merits deserve to be recognised. Lady Butler's "The 10th Bengal Lancers Tent-Pegging" is an admirable example of her skill, and Mr. H. S. Tuke's representation of boys bathing, also in the last of the galleries of oil-paintings, is an excellent colour-arrangement, well illustrating the effect of sunlight on flesh. Mr. Leader's landscapes should not be neglected. There are also some portraits of notable and interesting people.

THE CLUBMAN.

The King at Newmarket—The King's Clubs—A Lesson in Manners.

THE KING has shown himself a good Clubman once more in taking up his residence during his visit to Newmarket in the rooms of the Jockey Club, in preference to one of the many mansions in the neighbourhood whose owners would have been most proud to have entertained His Majesty. The residential portion of the



GENERAL SIR WILLIAM OLPHERTS, V.C.
("HELL-FIRE JACK").

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Club rooms were last winter rearranged and refurnished in expectation of the King's visit, and a new road had been constructed to the back of the building, so that His Majesty may come from the station and go to the course without running the gauntlet of the staring crowd in the High Street. There has been a little more Royal State observed during the King's visit to Newmarket than there used to be when he was Prince of Wales, for one of the Royal carriages was sent down from London and took the place of the hired fly which was previously used.

The residential portion of the Jockey Club rooms, and possibly Cowes Castle at the time of the annual regatta, are the only two Clubs which the King is ever now likely to make use of to any extent, for one of the penalties of sovereignty is that the comfortable, free-and-easy life of Clubland is a memory of the past. The King, as Prince of Wales, was very fond of his Clubs, and took much interest at various times in many of them. The Travellers' was at one period a very favourite Club with the then Prince, but it is said that the ruthless blackballing which the Committee of this Club indulge in did not meet with his approval. It is also said that the Marlborough would not have been established had the authorities of the Travellers' been less catholic in the rejection of blameless candidates. The Marlborough became a Club of the Prince's friends. As Prince, the King was a member of White's, and, it is said, had a strong opinion in favour of the abrogation of the rule against smoking in the hall. This rule, which, sooner or later, is resented by the younger members of all Clubs, never was allowed to exist in the Marlborough, where smoking is permitted in all parts of the house except the dining-room. At White's, however, for the time the non-smokers prevailed, but, on a subsequent occasion, the younger members had their way, and now the restrictions in the Club are very few and far between. The United Service, which, in many matters, is becoming rejuvenated, had its discussion on the smoking question a year or two ago, while at the Naval and Military a compromise was effected, members not being allowed to smoke in the hall, but being permitted to carry a lighted cigar through from the street to the smoking-room, or vice-versa.

A lesson in manners has been read to the English-speaking world by the recent proceedings at Venice, which had a sequel in the imprisonment of some American officers and their subsequent pardon by the King of Italy. "Painting the town red" is an amusement which had its origin in the Western States of America, and the young gentlemen who indulge in it, either in New York or London, have generally had no worse consequences to face than a heavy bill for breakages, or, at the worst, a shamefaced appearance before a magistrate and a fine. In Italy, violent practical joking is not looked upon with a lenient eye, and when three officers, accompanied by a Marine—who was probably a soldier-servant, and not, as the accounts of the affair would lead readers to believe, a boon companion of the officers—went from one café to another in the Piazza of St. Mark overturning the little tables and incommoding the quiet citizens who were drinking their evening coffee or sirop-and-water, the Italian police haled them off to prison, and, on the demand of the Public Prosecutor, the Judge sent one of the accused to prison for four months and two others for three. On the representations of the American Ambassador and the Captain of the ship to which the officers belong, and after a humble apology for the incident, the King of Italy has ordered the officers to be released, and their punishment will be left to the American naval authorities, who are not likely to be lenient.

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM OLPHERTS, V.C., G.C.B.

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM OLPHERTS, who passed away last Wednesday at his residence, Wood House, Upper Norwood, in his eighty-first year, was, like Lord Roberts, an Irishman, and, also like the Commander-in-Chief, started his military career in what at the time was a *corps d'élite*, the Bengal Horse Artillery. His services as a dashing Commander in Burma, in the Gwalior Campaign, in Sind, in the Crimea, and elsewhere won him a great reputation for daring bravery, but it was in the Mutiny, in the attack on Lucknow, that he gained the Victoria Cross and his peculiar sobriquet of "Hell-fire Jack." Indeed, one of our greatest military historians wrote of him, "This was, in round numbers, the thirtieth time that this gallant officer had deserved the Cross."

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SPECIAL EXCURSIONS to PARIS, via FOLKESTONE and BOULOGNE, on Friday, May 16, and Saturday, May 17, leaving VICTORIA 2.40 p.m., HOLBORN 2.15 p.m., and ST. PAUL'S 2.37 p.m.; also from CHARING CROSS and CANNON STREET, via DOVER and CALAIS, at 9 a.m. on May 17, and at 9 p.m. on May 15, 16, 17, and 18. Returning on Whit-Monday from Paris at 3.25 p.m., via BOULOGNE, or at 9 p.m. any day within 14 days, via CALAIS.

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CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS on WHIT-SUNDAY and WHIT-MONDAY from the principal LONDON STATIONS to ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, DEAL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, GRAVESEND, HASTINGS, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, RAMSGATE, BROADSTAIRS, MARGATE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, &c.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSION to ALDERSHOT on WHIT-MONDAY, leaving CHARING CROSS at 6.50 a.m. and 9.24 a.m.

CHEAP AFTERNOON EXCURSION to WHITSTABLE and HERNE BAY on WHIT-SUNDAY, leaving VICTORIA and HOLBORN at 2.55 p.m. and CHARING CROSS at 2 p.m. CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL) on WHIT-MONDAY. Return Fare from London, including Admission, 1s. 6d., Third Class.

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PARIS AND ROUEN AT WHITSUNTIDE.—14-DAY
EXCURSIONS.—Via Newhaven and Dieppe. SATURDAY, May 17, from Victoria and
London Bridge 10 a.m. (First and Second Class), and Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday,
May 15 to 18, from Victoria and London Bridge 8.50 p.m. (First, Second, and Third Class). Fares,
Paris, 39s. 3d., 30s. 3d., 26s.; Rouen, 35s. 3d., 27s. 3d., 23s. 8d. Special Cheap Return Tickets
Paris to Switzerland are issued in connection with these Excursions.
DIEPPE AT WHITSUNTIDE.—CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.—From London Bridge and
Victoria, by Day or Night Service, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 16 to 19. Fare,
24s., 19s.; available for return up to May 21.
Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

M I D L A N D R A I L W A Y.
WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

On SATURDAY, May 17, BANK HOLIDAY, May 19, and during WHITSUNTIDE, certain
Booked Trains will be WITHDRAWN, of which due notice will be given by Special Bills at
the Stations.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS
FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY STATIONS.

TO IRELAND.
MAY 15, 16, and 17.

* THURSDAY, MAY 15, to DUBLIN, CORK, KILLARNEY, Ballina, Galway, Sligo, &c.,
via Liverpool, and on Friday, May 16, via Morecambe; on THURSDAY, MAY 15, to BELFAST,
LONDONDERRY, &c., via Barrow, and via Liverpool for 16 days; also on SATURDAY,
MAY 17, to LONDONDERRY, via Morecambe, returning within 16 days, as per Sailing Bill.

TO SCOTLAND.
FRIDAY, MAY 16.

* To EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Greenock, Helensburgh, Ayr, Kilmarnock, &c., for 5 or
8 days, leaving St. Pancras at 10 p.m., and to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Forfar, Inverness,
Ballater, &c., at 9.15 p.m. THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS at about a SINGLE
ORDINARY FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY are also issued, available for RETURN
ANY DAY WITHIN 16 DAYS.

TO PROVINCES AND SEASIDE.

* FRIDAY MIDNIGHT, MAY 16, for 3, 6, or 8 days; SATURDAY MIDNIGHT, May 17,
for 2, 5, or 7 days; to LEICESTER, NOTTINGHAM, DERBY, MANCHESTER,
LIVERPOOL, SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, &c.

SATURDAY, MAY 17.

* To LEICESTER, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, DERBY, Newark, Lincoln, Burton,
Staffordshire, Potteries, &c., MATLOCK, BUXTON, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Bolton,
Preston, Wigan, BLACKPOOL, BLACKBURN, Bury, ROCHDALE, Oldham, Barnsley,
Wakefield, LEEDS, BRADFORD, YORK, HULL, West Hartlepool, Filey, Saltburn,
SCARBOROUGH, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Lancaster, MORECAMBE, BARROW and
the FURNES and LAKE DISTRICTS, and Carlisle, returning May 19, 22, or 24. See Bills
for times, &c.

* Bookings from Woolwich and Greenwich by these trains.

WHIT-MONDAY, MAY 19.

To BIRMINGHAM for 1, 2, 4, or 5 days; to LEICESTER, Loughborough, and
NOTTINGHAM, for 1, 2, or 3 days; and to KETTERING for 1 day, leaving St. Pancras at
6.25 a.m. To ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, and LUTON (day trips), leaving St. Pancras at
8.40, 9.50, 10.17, 11.5, 11.35 a.m., and 1.10 p.m., and to BEDFORD (day trip) at 10.17 a.m.

TUESDAY NIGHT, MAY 20.

To MANCHESTER (for the Races), Stockport, NOTTINGHAM, and SHEFFIELD for
4 days, leaving ST. PANCRAS 11.10 p.m. and KENTISH TOWN 11.14 p.m., for
NOTTINGHAM and SHEFFIELD, and ST. PANCRAS at 11.20 and KENTISH TOWN at
11.24 p.m. for STOCKPORT and MANCHESTER.

FRIDAY, MAY 23.

To MANCHESTER (for the Races), and Stockport, leaving St. Pancras at 12.30 a.m. and Kentish
Town at 12.35 a.m. (Thursday midnight), and to NOTTINGHAM and SHEFFIELD for 2 days,
leaving St. Pancras at 12.5 (Thursday midnight) and Kentish Town at 12.10 a.m.

WEEKLY SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

EVERY SATURDAY until further notice (commencing May 17) to MATLOCK, BUXTON,
LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, THE ISLE OF MAN, MORECAMBE, Lancaster, THE
ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, BRIDLINGTON, SCARBOROUGH, WHITBY, &c., for
3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.

For Season Excursions to BEDFORD, OLNEY, WELLINGBORO', and KETTERING on
Saturdays; and to ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, REDBOURN, and HEMEL HEMPSTED
on Thursdays and Saturdays, see special programmes.

CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS

are now issued every Friday and Saturday from LONDON (St. Pancras) and other principal
Midland Stations to the CHIEF SEASIDE and INLAND HOLIDAY RESORTS, including
the Peak District of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, the North-East Coast, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all
parts of Scotland. For the Whitsuntide Holidays these tickets will be available for returning on
Sunday (where train service permits), Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, May 18, 19, 20, or 21.
Programmes gratis on application.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

CHEAP DAY AND WEEK-END EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued to SOUTHEND-
ON-SEA during the Whitsuntide Holidays, as announced in Special Bills.

TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, and BILLS may be had at the MIDLAND STATIONS AND
CITY BOOKING OFFICES, and from THOS. COOK and SON, Ludgate Circus, and Branch
Offices. JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.
WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS will be run from EUSTON, BROAD
STREET, WOOLWICH, GREENWICH, KENSINGTON (Addison Road),
WILLESDEN JUNCTION, and other London Stations, as follows—

ON THURSDAY, MAY 15, to DUBLIN, GREENORE, BELFAST, Achill, Ardglass,
Armagh, Ballina, Bray, Bundoran, Cork, Downpatrick, Dundalk, Enniskillen, Galway, Grey-
stones, Kenmare, Killee, Killaloe, Killarney, Limerick, Listowel, Londonderry, Navan, Newcastle
(co. Down), Newry, Ovoca, Portrush, Rathfriland, Roscommon, Sligo, Thurles, Warrenpoint,
Westport, Wexford, Wicklow, and other places in Ireland. To return within 16 days.

ON FRIDAY, MAY 16, to ABERDEEN, Aberdeen, Aberystwyth, Amlwch, Bangor, Barmouth,
Bettws-y-Coed, Birkenhead, Borth, Builth Wells, Carnarvon, Chester, Church Stretton, Colwyn
Bay, Conway, Corwen, Craven Arms, Criccieth, Denbigh, Dolgelly, Harlech, Hereford, Holyhead,
Holywell, Llanberis, Llandrindod Wells, Llandudno, Llanfairfechan, Llangamarch Wells,
Llanrwst, Llanwrtyd Wells, Newtown, Oswestry, Penmaenmawr, Portmadoc, Pwllheli, Rhayader,
Rhyll, Ruthin, Shrewsbury, Towyn, Wellington, Welshpool, Wrexham, &c., for 4, 8, 11, and
15 days.

To Abergavenny, Brynmawr, Carmarthen, Dowlais, Llandilo, Llandovery, Merthyr, Swansea,
Tredegar, &c., for 4 or 8 days.
To Ashbourne, Birkenhead, Burton, Buxton, Chester, Derby, Leicester, Lichfield, Maccles-
field, North Staffordshire Stations, Nuneaton, Rugby, Tamworth, Thorpe Cloud (for Dove Dale),
Whitchurch, &c., for 4, 6, and 8 days.

ON FRIDAY NIGHT, MAY 16, to CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Aberdeen,
Arbroath, Ayr, Balloch, Ballater, Banff, Brechin, Buckie, Callander, Castle Douglas, Cuff,
Cruden Bay, Dufftown, Dumfries, Dundee, Dunkeld, Elgin, Forfar, Fortrose, Fort
William, Gourrock, Grantown, Greenock, Huntley, Inverness, Keith, Kirkcudbright, Loch Awe,
Moffat, Montrose, Nairn, Newton Stewart, Oban, Peebles, Perth, Stirling, Stonehaven, Stanraer,
Strathpeffer, Whithorn, Wigton, and other places in Scotland, returning May 20 and 23, or
within 16 days.

To LIVERPOOL, BLACKPOOL, SOUTHPORT, Fleetwood, Lancaster, MORECAMBE,
Maryport, Carnforth, the English Lake District, the Furness Line Stations, Douglas (Isle of Man),
via Liverpool, &c., for 3, 7, 10, or 14 days.

To Ashton, Batley, Blackburn, Blackpool, Bolton, Bradford, Carlisle, Carnforth, Crewe,
Dewsbury, the English Lake District, Fleetwood, Furness Line Stations, Halifax, Huddersfield,
Lancaster, Leeds, Liverpool, Lytham, Manchester, Morecambe, Northwich, Oldham, Preston,
Rochdale, Runcorn, St. Annes, Southport, Stafford, Stalybridge, Stockport, Warrington,
Whitehaven, Widnes, Wigan, Workington, &c., for 3, 5, and 7 days.

ON SATURDAY, MAY 17, to Douglas (Isle of Man), via Fleetwood (from Euston only), for
3, 7, and 10 days.

ON SATURDAY NIGHT, MAY 17, to Birmingham, Coventry, Dudley, Dudley Port,
Kenilworth, Leamington, Northampton, Walsall, Warwick, Wednesbury, and Wolverhampton,
returning May 19, 22, and 23.

To Ashton, Guide Bridge, Liverpool, Manchester, Oldham, Stalybridge, Stockport, and
Warrington, for 2, 4, and 6 days.

ON MONDAY, MAY 19 (from Euston and Willesden), to Birmingham, Coventry, Dudley,
Dudley Port, Kenilworth, Leamington, Northampton, Warwick, Walsall, Wednesbury, and
Wolverhampton, for 1, 2, 4, or 5 days.

ON TUESDAY MIDNIGHT, MAY 20 (from Euston only), to Manchester, for 4 days.

ON THURSDAY MIDNIGHT, MAY 22 (from Euston only), to Manchester for 2 days.

For Times, Fares, and full particulars see small Bills, which can be obtained at any of the
Company's Stations and Town Offices. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

Euston Station, London, May 1902.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The King at Newmarket.

His Majesty evidently takes still the very keenest interest in the Sport of Kings. At the present time, it is strange to remember the fact that Newmarket may be said to have been practically made by the "Merry Monarch," whose Palace in the High Street of the charming old town saw so many festive gatherings and one tragedy, for, in 1683, when Charles II. was actually in residence, Newmarket went through a visitation of fire almost as serious as the Great Fire of London. Our Sovereign's connection with Newmarket began some twenty-five years ago, when, in the July of 1877, the then Princess of Wales honoured the famous racecourse with her presence in order to see the Prince's colours carried for the first time. As usual when at Newmarket, His Majesty stayed in the delightful suite of rooms kept sacred to his use at the Jockey Club, and, again following his usual custom when Prince of Wales, he made a point of seeing the early morning gallops, which are quite a feature of existence at Newmarket. Fortunate are those interested in sport privileged to visit in detail the Egerton House training-stables, to which the King's horses were removed from Kingsclere ten years ago. It is there that many a famous racehorse has been trained, including Persimmon, who was sent when a yearling from Sandringham in 1894.

Her Royal Highness Princess Christian is indefatigable. In spite of the comparatively recent loss of her beloved son, she still goes on with her accustomed round of good works. Only the other day she was at Portsmouth opening the Home for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors which is fittingly named after her, and a few days later she left Schomberg House, her new residence in Pall Mall, for Windsor, to present a colour to the smart little fellows of the South Oxfordshire Regiment of the Church Lads' Brigade. Her Royal Highness and Prince Christian will reside in town until the latter end of July, with the exception of the Whitsuntide holidays and the Ascot Races in June, when they will entertain at Cumberland Lodge. When the London Season is over, their Royal Highnesses will migrate to Germany, where they will remain till the beginning of October.

Countess Howe and the Imperial Yeomanry.

In recognition of her untiring devotion in the service of the sick and wounded in the South African Campaign, Countess Howe has been the recipient of a handsome gift which will doubtless be much valued by her Ladyship. As President of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital Committee, the Countess did much beneficent and arduous work, and as a memento she has been presented with a massive silver casket, the signatures of the Medical Staff being engraved on three sides, and the Hospital crest reproduced in raised silver and gold on the lid. Inside the casket was an ostrich-feather fan, on the

mother-of-pearl frame of which the Yeomanry crest again appears. The feathers of the fan had all been specially selected in South Africa, and, altogether, the gift was an exceedingly artistic and appropriate one.

Fortunate Young Hopefuls.

During the last winter, Society has been much interested in the question of Coronation pages, and at one time it was authoritatively declared that these picturesque adjuncts to the greatest historical pageant of our own time were to be conspicuous by their absence. Now, however, it is stated that quite a number of young hopefuls may play an

important part in the Coronation. Master Eric Mackenzie, the youngest son of Sir Allan and Lady Mackenzie of Glen Muick, is to have the privilege of holding up the train of the Duke of Fife; Master Jack Villiers will be in attendance on Lord Clarendon, the Lord Chamberlain; and, as has already been stated, the Duke of Norfolk has appointed the young son and heir of Lord Mowbray and Stourton as his page. Formerly, the eldest sons of Dukes had the privilege of upholding the Sovereign's train during his progress up the Abbey. It is, however, rumoured that this privilege will be in abeyance next month, for the King has appointed Master Nigel Bourke, the good-looking young son of Colonel and Mrs. Edward Bourke, to be his page. The Coronation pages will be charmingly garbed in white satin waistcoats and knee-breeches and pale-blue tail-coats.

Prince Henry of Prussia is making a very pleasant stay in, or rather, off, Ireland. It is strange that a country celebrated for its beautiful bays and harbours should be so rarely visited by a foreign fleet. Now, however, Erin has the satisfaction of knowing that never has so powerful a fleet visited any British harbour as that which last Thursday (May 1) cast anchor

in Lough Swilly. Prince Henry of Prussia has just celebrated his Silver Jubilee as a sailor, and he chose to take the fleet to Ireland in order that he might pay a flying visit to his favourite uncle, the Duke of Connaught.

Lady de Grey at Coombe Court.

Lady de Grey, the beautiful and brilliant daughter-in-law of Lord and Lady Ripon, who was for so long known to Society as Gladys, Lady Lonsdale, has now set up her summer quarters at Coombe Court, Norbiton, one of the most delightful of Thames-side villages, and a motor-car drive from town. Lady de Grey was the first of the smart set to realise the fact that the motor-brougham would soon replace the more cumbersome horse-drawn vehicle dear to the great lawyer whose name it bears. In her beautifully fitted motor-brougham she travels up from Coombe many times a-week, and the fact that she spends so much of her time in the country is to make no difference to



LADY DE GREY IN HER GARDEN AT COOMBE COURT, NORBITON.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

her constant attendance at the Opera and at the really great social functions of the Season. Lady de Grey, though she is tall, slender, and duskily beautiful as ever, is now chaperoning a charming young daughter, Lady Juliette Lowther. Mother and daughter prefer the country to the town, and they are both immensely proud of the exquisite gardens which are a great feature of Coombe Court.

A Brilliant Court. The first Court held by their Majesties since the Sovereign took up his residence at Buckingham Palace was essentially a bridal and a débutante function. Fewer invitations were issued than was the case last time, and it was noticed that comparatively few men were asked to accompany their fairer halves. Some very wonderful frocks were worn, and the influence of the coming Coronation was plainly seen in the brilliancy of the colours, and notably in the presence of much cloth-of-gold, a fabric which suits only the extremely dark or the brilliantly fair beauty. Almost every gown had about it some fine embroidery and rare old lace. In this matter the Princess of Wales led the way with an exquisite frock covered with marvellous stitchery fashioned into pink roses, laburnum, and wisteria. It is whispered that the Court-train is soon to be a thing of the past, banished to the limbo of Victorian Drawing-Rooms. It is cumbersome as well as costly, and its disappearance will be hailed with joy by the thrifty.

The Queen and Poor Pussy. Queen Alexandra, who has shown in so many instances that her tender kindness of heart extends to beast as well as to man, is credited with the intention of making a special appeal to the King's London subjects on behalf of the poor, deserted London cat. Animal-lovers are certain to provide cats'-meat Coronation banquets at the various homes where lost and starving Pussy is sure of a warm welcome, but it is at the end of the Season that the London cat's troubles really begin, and, doubtless, many Londoners would take more trouble to provide for their mousers during the summer holiday if they were aware that the Queen is really anxious that they should do so.

A Royal Birthday. May-day is dear to our Royal Family as being the birthday of the gallant Duke of Connaught. His Royal Highness first saw the light on the natal day of the Duke of Wellington. This is why he was named Arthur and had as godfather one of the greatest Commanders of all time. The Duke, as the Sovereign's only surviving brother, occupies a very peculiar position in the Royal Family. It is an open secret that in time to come he will be given the responsible position of Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, and it may be honestly said that few officers, however brilliant their exploits in the field, are more fitted for the post. The Duke is an enthusiastic soldier, familiar with the practical working of that great fighting-machine, the German Army. He has long made a study of the theory of war, and probably the greatest sacrifice ever made by him was when he consented to forego a share in the South African Campaign in deference to Queen Victoria's wish.

Coronation Hostesses' Coming Functions. Probably few people even now realise how very brilliant, from the social point of view, the coming Season is to be. The word has gone forth that in this matter, at least, the King expects every great lady to do her duty, and already the fortunate owners of Stafford House, Devonshire House, Lansdowne House, and Grosvenor House, to mention but a few of London's minor palaces, are making arrangements to entertain on a very large scale. Lady Lansdowne, one of the sweetest-natured as well as one of the most beautiful of great political hostesses, has gallantly led the way, and the reception

given by her last week (April 30) was one of the most brilliant gatherings ever seen in the historic mansion placed in stately seclusion within a stone's-throw of the roar of Piccadilly. Of course, the Diplomatic world was there in full force, also most of the



GENERAL SIR CHARLES TUCKER, K.C.B., AND MISS ELLEN O'CONNELL, WHO WERE MARRIED LAST MONTH.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge.

Duchesses, including the Duchess of Portland, whose wonderful portrait by Mr. Sargent is quite one of the pictures of the year at the new Academy, and, among the débutantes, fairy-like Lady Marjorie Manners, who, it is thought, will be the leading girl-beauty of the Coronation Season.

A Military Bridal. The marriage of that most popular officer, General Sir Charles Tucker, to Miss Ellen O'Connell, the only sister of Sir Daniel Ross O'Connell, of Lake View, Killarney, has aroused the greatest interest in military society, the more so that the bride herself comes of first-rate Irish fighting-stock, one of her great-uncles having been the famous Count O'Connell who served, curiously enough, both in the French and English Armies of his day. General Sir Charles Tucker can count himself one of the most fortunate soldiers of our time. In three years he will celebrate his military jubilee; he has taken part in innumerable expeditions, and during the course of the South African War was twice mentioned in despatches. He is one of Lord Roberts's trusted friends and colleagues, and is likely to play a considerable part in the reorganisation of the Army.

A Very Smart Wedding. The marriage of Lady Susan Beresford to Captain Hugh Dawnay, the popular son of Lord Downe and Lord Roberts's indefatigable Aide-de-Camp, brought together the smartest social gathering of the month. The wedding-reception took place at Hampden House, the delightful old-fashioned mansion in Green Street owned by the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, aunt and uncle of the bride. Lady Susan Dawnay, to give her Ladyship her new name, is related practically to the whole Peerage. She is one of the hundred-and-one descendants of the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, and she is spending her honeymoon at Stoke Park, the house of her other grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort.

Supplying Troops with Food. One mode for supplying the troops employed in blockhouse work in South Africa with food is shown in this picture. A ration-train calls every two days with coffee, tea, sugar, meat; bread, and water, the latter being delivered through a long hose, as depicted, into a tank. This blockhouse, occupied by a detachment of the 3rd Battalion Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, is about ten miles from Bethulie.

An Historic Mansion for Sale. Stowe, one of the most delightful historic country palaces within easy reach of town, and connected with innumerable famous personages who have either lived or sojourned there, is in the market. Such a place might well fire the imagination of some great American or Colonial millionaire. There the descendant of St. Louis, Louis XVIII., found a shelter when driven from the French Throne, and a memorial of the fact may be still seen in the quaint Bourbon Tower. Till some fifty years ago this enormous mansion was full of art-treasures, and such a collection now brought to the hammer would probably fetch upwards of a million. It was sold in 1848, the sale lasting over a month, yet less than a hundred thousand pounds was realised. In those days, when thrones were tottering all over Europe, collectors were in no mood to give fancy prices. Now, there seems no limit to the sums readily given for really unique curios.

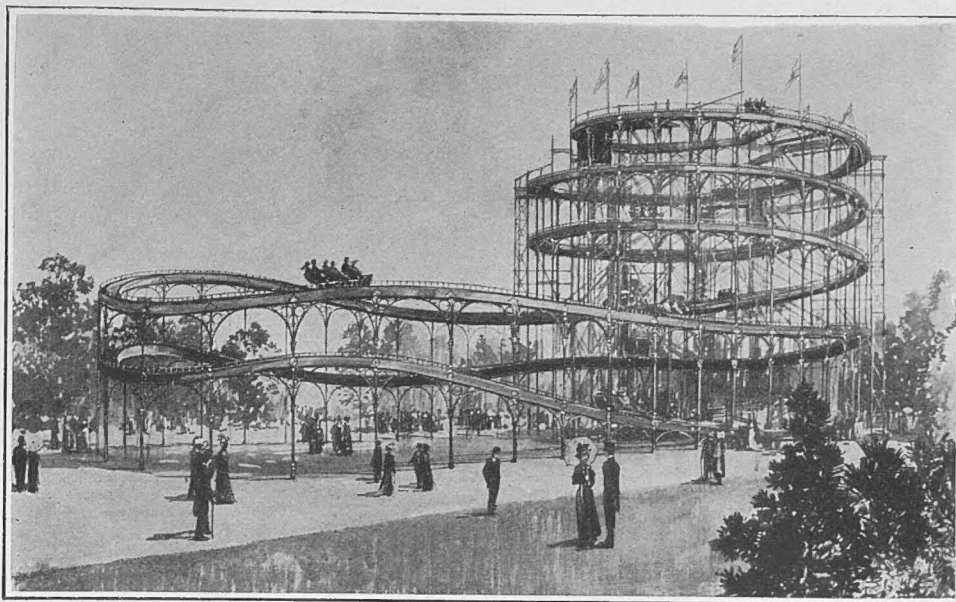
Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new volume this year will be called "Just So Stories," and will include the animal stories which are now appearing serially on both sides of the Atlantic.



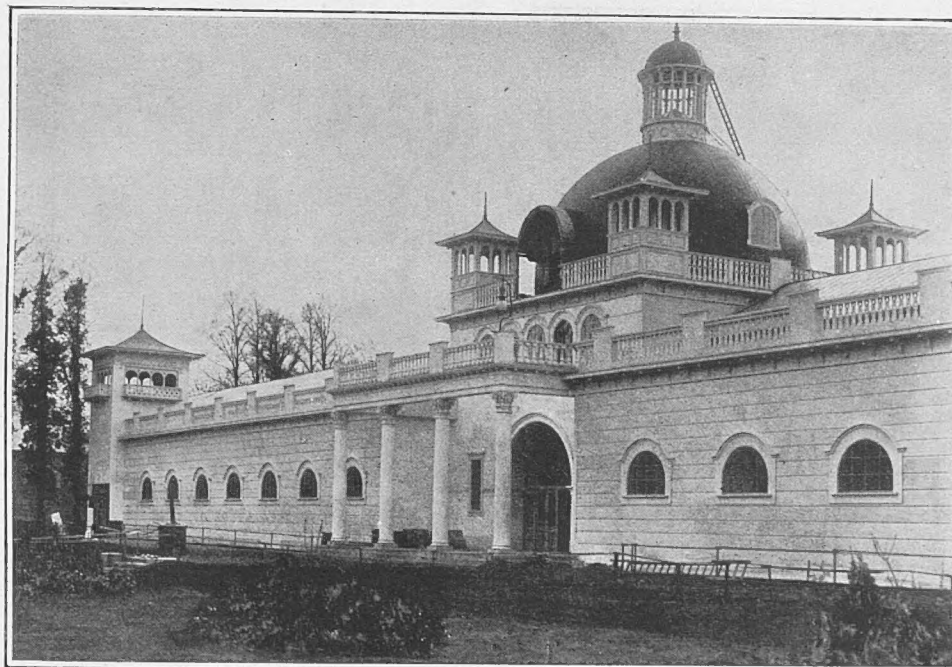
A RATION-TRAIN SUPPLYING THE TROOPS EMPLOYED IN BLOCKHOUSES WITH FOOD.

The May to November "World's Fair" for the Midlands, now being held at Wolverhampton, has already grown far beyond the early expectations of its promoters in its hold on public interest. Easy of access, compact yet comprehensive in arrangement, attractive in presentment, and unique in many of its features, it appears to have a vista of unbroken success before it. Located in some thirty-two acres of the beautiful West Park, its main buildings are the Industrial Hall, with a measurement of 377 feet by 172 feet; the Machinery Hall, 350 feet by 170 feet; the Concert Hall, accommodating two thousand people on an inclined floor; two spacious restaurants, with a shell band-stand; a Press Room, a Grand Stand on the Sports' Ground, and many lesser restaurants and pleasure-houses. Architecturally, these were all under the charge of Messrs. Walker and Ramsay, of Glasgow, the latter of whom is mainly responsible for the designs in the present instance, which stretch away from the park frontage in a fine crescent line of glistening white walls, broken and mellowed at intervals by horse-shoe entrances—the main entrance being of exceptional size and flanked by towers 120 feet in height—crimson-lined corridor tea-terraces, glinting gilded cupolas, and green minarets. The most effective views are those of the lengthwise elevation of the Industrial Hall and the end elevation of the Machinery Hall.

The Canadian Pavilion, situated between the Industrial Hall and the Machinery Hall, has been erected by the Dominion Government, and carries out the general scheme of colour-effect, though designed on more classic lines. Within, it is decorated in purple and white, and forms one of the most interesting features of the Exhibition, with its wall-decoration of "The Forest Wealth of Canada," in a



THE SPIRAL TOBOGGAN, WOLVERHAMPTON.

Photograph by Marion Elliston, Chancery Lane.

MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE INDUSTRIAL HALL, CORK.



A CORNER OF THE GROUNDS, CORK.

THE WOLVERHAMPTON AND CORK EXHIBITIONS.

symmetrical arrangement of polished specimens of its timbers; a uniquely festooned trophy, forty feet in height, in the centre, of "The Agricultural Wealth of Canada," as represented by ten thousand samples of its grains; and lesser stalls and trophies showing its fruits and dairy produce. India, Japan, Denmark, and various of the Colonies are so largely represented among the exhibits that the Executive consider they have fully demonstrated their claim to an international status.

The out-of-door attractions are in the hands of Mr. Charles Imre Kiralfy, and include a very fine Water Chute, worked for the first time by electricity; from the height of one hundred feet the chute glides at tremendous speed down an incline for a distance of 625 feet, then takes its dive, and is rowed ashore. At a short distance is an entirely new feature, in the form of a spiral toboggan, on which comfortable electrically driven cars whirl round a wheel some three hundred feet in circumference at a giddy pace, and, after allowing a rapid glance at the surrounding country from the height of one hundred feet, glide down again on an elliptical course at a terrifying rate.

The International Exhibition for which Cork has been preparing for the last twelve months was opened on May 1 by the Earl of Bandon. The buildings stand on some fifty acres of pleasure-ground adjoining the famous Mardyke, and running down to the river bank opposite Sunday's Well. They form a picturesque group, with their white walls and red-roofed towers set against a background of wood and water, and reflect great credit on the Honorary Architect, Mr. H. A. Cutler. The three largest amongst them are the Concert Hall—in which the opening ceremony took place and which will seat some two thousand five hundred people—the Industrial Hall, and the Machinery Hall.

Miss Ida Molesworth.

Miss Ida Molesworth, whose portrait I give as Cigarette in "Under Two Flags," now being toured by her and her husband, Mr. Mark Blow, was born near Calcutta, and belongs, it might be said, to the two Services, her ancestors on the one side being soldiers, and on the other sailors. Mark Melford gave her the first opportunity on the stage, since which time she has played leading parts for Sir Henry Irving, George Alexander, Comyns Carr, Augustin Daly, and others. For two years, as Lady Ursula, she enchanted the provinces, and quite recently took by storm the good people of Manchester by her impersonation, at the Queen's Theatre, of Mistress Ford in



MISS IDA MOLESWORTH AS CIGARETTE IN A DRAMATISED VERSION OF "UNDER TWO FLAGS."

Photograph by Warwick Brookes, Manchester

"The Merry Wives of Windsor." At the end of her present tour, she purposes taking out a Pastoral Company, when her numerous admirers hope to see her in the part of Rosalind.

The New Leader. Earl Spencer is now the Leader of the Liberal Peers. Some time elapsed between Lord Kimberley's death and the election of his successor. Perhaps the Peers were communicating with Lord Rosebery. They may have hoped that, if he would not take the post himself, he would become Lord Spencer's proposer; but he remained in the Bay of Naples. The new Leader is officially associated with "C.-B." in the command of the Liberal Party. His own particular commando in the Upper House is very small; but, as he confronts the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, the head of the Education Department, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, he has good opportunities of criticism. He is a loyal Party man and a disciple of Mr. Gladstone, and he is a favourite of the Nationalists, because, after coercing them and being very much abused in return, he became a convert to Home Rule.

The Chancellor and Cheques.

Conservatives who were so proud of their Chancellor of the Exchequer have been hanging their heads in amazement. He blundered by proposing to double the stamp on cheques, and then he made his scheme ridiculous by suggesting that in the case of those under £2 the extra penny might be recovered from the Post Office. Liberals laughed and Unionists complained to the Whips. Some gossipers in the Lobby told each other that he intended to flout the commercial community. Sir Michael has recently been irritable. Perhaps he is in trouble with the Cabinet; perhaps he has been upset by the agitation against the cheque duty. In any event, his action has lowered his reputation.

Lord Charles Back Again.

Once more Lord Charles Beresford is in the House of Commons. This time—his fourth change from the sea to Parliament—he represents Woolwich. He came up to the table smiling and gave Mr. Chamberlain a nod. Even the representatives of the Admiralty tried to look pleased when they saw the seaman. Being an old

hand, he did not waste time on bashful preparations, but, with the alacrity of a Nationalist, he asked a question twenty-four hours after he had taken his seat. His criticisms are expected to be well flavoured with salt.

Odell's Last Concert.

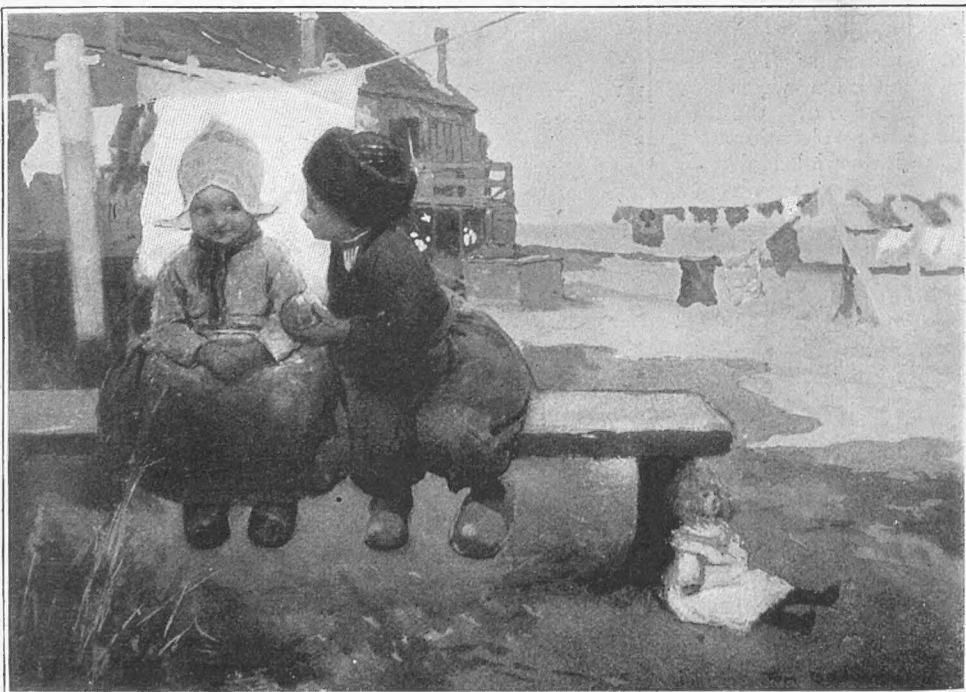
That genial Bohemian, Odell, gave his good-bye concert at the St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon of last week. He was in fine form himself, and recited two difficult pieces with all his usual art and vigour. Miss Nellie Farren, looking young and blooming, took the chair, and amongst those who gave their services were Miss Ethel Bevans, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Kate Cutler, Miss Ethel Sydney, Miss Zeffie Tilbury, Mr. Lionel Mackinder, Mr. Robert Ganthony, Mr. Robb Harwood, Mr. Richard Green, Mr. Gilbert Laye, Mr. John Proctor, Mr. Henry Pyatt, and Mr. Wharton Wells. The show was admirably managed by Mr. Holmes Kingston, and the clever lyricist and old *Sketch* contributor, Adrian Ross, wrote a little poem for the programme, of which I quote the last two verses—

You have chanted merry staves,
Our Odell!
In the wigwam of the braves,
Wild Odell!
We have smoked the pipe with you,
We have quaffed fire-water too
From the calabash or shell
With Odell!
But as days and years go past,
Ah, Odell!
Even tenors tire at last—
Yes, Odell!
And the public, at the end,
Says good-bye to every friend;
So we wish you more than well,
Our Odell!

A Cup, a Cup—a Kingdom for a Cup! Racing-cups often excite much cupidity, enthusiasm, and gossip, but the most unique cup of our age is undoubtedly the Tudor drinking-bowl which realised £4000 last week at Christie's! Strange to say, this very valuable object is not of gold, but only of silver-gilt. It was, however, once the Great Seal of Ireland, and, as the fashion then was, was transformed into a cup by its then owner, the Irish Lord Chancellor. Almost as interesting and sensational was the price given for a spoon some four hundred years old; for this trifle a collector was found to pay close on £700.

A "Free Wheel" in Japan.

An interesting story, which may or may not be true, comes from Japan. A young gentleman was charged with stealing a bicycle, and, when asked why he had done so, replied that he was a student in English, and, seeing a bicycle standing near a doorway, he pointed it out to his friend. The friend told him it was a "free wheel," whereupon he took it out for a ride. When he found himself in the hands of a policeman and taken before a Judge on a charge of theft, he remarked, "The English is an atrocity language!"



THE LOVE TOKEN.

From a Painting by Tom Browne, R.I., R.B.A.

SCENES FROM "A COUNTRY MOUSE," AT THE CRITERION.



Violet Aynsley (Miss Vane Featherston). Hon. Archibald Vyse (Mr. Du Maurier).
THE HON. ARCHIBALD VYSE IS PETTED BY VIOLET AYNSELY.



John Bowlby, M.P. (Mr. J. D. Beveridge). Angela Muir (Miss Annie Hughes).
ANGELA, THE "COUNTRY MOUSE," CHARMS JOHN BOWLBY WITH HER DEMURENESS.



Jephcot (Mr. Frederick Volpé). John Bowlby, M.P. (Mr. J. D. Beveridge).
THE LONELY BOWLBY MAKES HIS OLD BUTLER SMOKE A CIGAR WITH HIM.



The Duke of St. Kitts (Mr. Somerset). Angela Muir (Miss Annie Hughes).

ANGELA AND THE DUKE DESCEND FROM THE ROOF—
ENGAGED.

The Royal Family. The Kaiser and Kaiserin will be shortly returning to the New Palace at Potsdam (writes my Berlin Correspondent). The repairs are now nearly complete, and the grounds are being carefully prepared to welcome the Royal inmates. The celebrated Pekin astronomical instruments are being placed in front of the Orangery building, where Shah Musaffer-ed-Din will take up his quarters prior to witnessing the great Spring Parade. On May 2 the Emperor inspected the First Regiment of Guards, as His Majesty always does at this time of year. The usual ceremonial was observed, and Generals and foreign representatives of all kinds were present. The reason this date of all dates is chosen is that on that day the Battle of Gross-Görschen took place, in which Napoleon I. conquered the Allies in 1813; in this affair the First Guards behaved with especial bravery, and, therefore, the late William I. selected this day to review the regiment in question.

Unter den Linden "Up." Visitors to Berlin would be greatly disappointed with the general aspect of the celebrated main street of Germany's Capital just at the present juncture. Nearly the whole way up this magnificent avenue are to be seen little wooden huts, heaps of sand, pulleys, workmen's tools, and all the usual paraphernalia necessary for building. The authorities have at last agreed to the Kaiser's plans for the beautifying of Berlin, and the great work of alteration has at last commenced. In order that the work may be finished as quickly as possible, all traffic is now suspended along the Unter den Linden. One of the municipal authorities, Herr Kauffmann, whose name was so conspicuous during the discussion about the alteration of the Unter den Linden, is now in a *maison de santé*. It is said that, not only was he sent nearly mad with overwork, but also excessively worried by the Emperor's attitude during the multitudinous discussions some months before. As a matter of fact, it appears that he is a prey to serious nervous derangements, and merely needs complete rest and quiet.

A Coronation Bride. Lady Evelyn Giffard, who, unlike most brides, has not had to change her name on her marriage, will be able to look back to having been one of the first Coronation Season brides of 1902. The Lord Chancellor's only daughter is clever as well as pretty, and, as is meet in the child of one who was in his day a famous barrister, she is a quite exceptionally good amateur actress. There is always something charming about a political wedding, and the affection and esteem in which Lord and Lady Halsbury are held was strikingly shown by the presence at their daughter's marriage of many people who do not, as



LADY EVELYN GIFFARD, ONE OF THE FIRST CORONATION SEASON BRIDES.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

a rule, frequent such smart and worldly functions. Among many beautiful jewels, Lady Evelyn's marriage-gifts, none aroused so much interest as the quaint gemmed pendant presented by the Prime Minister, who has very fine taste in such things when he troubles himself to exert it. Lady Evelyn will, of course, be present at the

Coronation as her father's daughter, and it is rumoured that she will take a part in one of the great charity functions of the Season.

In Aid of the Children.

The two matinées to be given at the Lyric to-morrow and Friday in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should draw large audiences, not only because of their praiseworthy object, but also through the tempting character of the entertainment provided. The



MISS MARION TERRY,

WHO WILL PLAY MRS. ERLYNNE, IN "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN," AT THE LYRIC MATINÉES TO-MORROW AND FRIDAY.

Photograph by Langhler, Old Bond Street, W.

performance will commence at 2.15 with a recitation and dance given by Mrs. Cecil Powney, entitled "The Waltz Quadrille," and this will be followed by the "Bacchante's Dance" from Gounod's "Faust," in which the performer will be graceful Miss Viola Beerbohm Tree. Then comes that delightful comedy, "Lady Windermere's Fan," in which Miss Marion Terry will appear in her original rôle of Mrs. Erlynne. The other parts will be played by distinguished amateurs, among them Major C. E. Norton, Mrs. Cecil Powney, Lady Erskine, Miss Viola Tree, and that charming actress, Mrs. Walter Cave, whose name also appears in the list of Patronesses, which includes her Grace the Duchess of Somerset, the Countess of Iddesleigh, the Countess of Ancaster, Lady Helen Stavordale, Lady Florence Astley, Lady Rodney, Hon. Mrs. Henry Denison, Mrs. Henry Graves, and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree. Tickets and all particulars may be obtained on application to Mr. Herbert Ewart, 4, St. George's Place, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.

Lord Charles Beresford.

Lord Charles Beresford is so well known as a practical man of the world, and the wit and humour of himself and his brothers is so recognised, that it will be news to many that hitherto the Beresford family has been in the main a family of parsons. It stands unique in the number of prelates of the first rank which it has supplied to the Episcopal bench.

There have been no less than three Beresfords who have been Primates of All Ireland, a number from one house unprecedented in the annals of the Peerage. They were Marcus Gervais Beresford, D.D., Archbishop of Armagh; William Beresford, D.D., Archbishop of Tuam, created Lord Decies; and John George Beresford, D.D., who was Primate of All Ireland, Chancellor of the University of Dublin, and died Archbishop of Armagh in 1862. The family have held lesser ecclesiastical positions, such as the Bishopric of Kilmore and Ardagh; and Lord Charles's father, the fourth Marquis, was incumbent of Mullaghbrack, a living which, it is hardly necessary to state, is in Ireland. Lord Charles and his brothers more probably "throw back" to the Archbishop's brother, the genial Right Hon. John Beresford, who, in 1772, was appointed by patent Taster of the Wines in the Port of Dublin, a lucrative position which he held with credit for years.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

The Champs-Élysées Concerts.

The surprisingly mild, early spring has, I regret to see, proved a delusion and a snare to the proprietors of the open-air concerts in the Champs-Élysées (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The doors were immediately opened and heavily salaried artistes engaged, but pitiless weather set in and the Avenue has been a howling wilderness. The contract between the artistes and the managers at these places is curious. If it is raining at eight o'clock, there is no concert and no salary. This, naturally, does not apply to "stars" like Yvette Guilbert or Polin.

The Vaudeville's New Play.

I have never seen Réjane in a play in which she acted more exquisitely than in Bataille's "La Masque." It was hinted that the play was a passage in Réjane's own life, which was, at one time, unfortunately clouded by domestic differences. The story is that of a fashionable dramatic author who by his infidelities renders the life of his wife a simple hell. Goaded to the maddened point, she decides to leave him; but there is still a latent love, and she fears that he may regret the separation. She falls on the theatrical trick of leaving a letter on the table that could only convince her husband that he had been deceived by her. The scene of the reconciliation at Monte Carlo is exquisite. In a darkened room she tells to her husband all the miseries of her married life, under the impression that she is speaking to her lover. It was a superb piece of acting and eminently worthy of a prominent place in the Réjane gallery of creations.

The Salon.

There has not for years been such a superb muster of art as is now grouped in the Grand Palais of the Champs-Élysées. Benjamin-Constant has easily secured first honours as portrait-painter with "Lord Savile." The finely cut face and aristocratic bearing of his Lordship have been freely used by the critics as a foil for comparison with the bloated bankers of mushroom growth who represent the money-bag aristocracy of the hour. Detaille has two splendid military canvases of the First Napoleon days, and Henner and Laurens are at their best. I am sorry to see that a number of foreign students do not consider that they have been fairly treated and purpose organising a Salon of their own. It would be interesting, but it seems to me prejudicial to their interests.

"Bibi la Purée."

It will come as a shock to every Englishman who has studied in Montmartre to know that the famous "Bibi la Purée" has been locked up for forgetting to pawn some clothes of a brother Bohemian and putting them on himself. The downfall of this strange character, with his long hair and historic-looking clothes, dates from the night when poor Paul Verlaine, the decadent poet, took him home and housed him for a few days. The poor fellow came back severely stricken with the poet mania, and has never done a stroke of work since, and never will. I believe he belongs to one of the most aristocratic families in France.

Sarah and Réjane Dance.

The Dieudonné benefit at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt will never be forgotten by those who struggled and suffocated and squeezed for a place. The great feature was the minuet, which will remain famous in theatrical history. Imagine such a *vis-à-vis* as Sarah Bernhardt, Réjane, Simone Le Bargy, and Bartet, and Coquelin, Brasseur, Fougère, and Le Bargy! It was indeed a marvellous spectacle, and an ultra-fashionable audience applauded till Sarah and Réjane must have almost doubted if dancing was not their vocation.

Nini Buffet and the Police.

The Prefect of Police having refused Mdle. Eugénie Buffet the right to open her cabaret, "La Purée," in Montmartre, the famous street-singer has defied the authorities in novel fashion. It is nominally free, but the prices of the drinks are prohibitive. Warnings not to feed the wild animals—represented by an ape made up as Joseph Reinach—are

hung on the walls, and there are symptoms of Montmartre wit everywhere. The hall is packed with all fashionable Paris, who delight in the novelty of a house where the Censor and the police dare not intervene. Mdle. Buffet told me that all she hoped was that the police would never authorise her to open her cabaret, for the "Soirée privée par invitation" was making her fortune.

Michael.

I am afraid that the gallant little Welsh cyclist is permanently removed from the cycling-track. He rode a winner for Charron at Maisons-Lafitte, after a desperate struggle with the best American jockeys, and now the cement track seems to him uninviting. Michael rides in the American fashion, but more forward on the head of the horse than any one of them.

The Elections.

"Even if I knew that the private life of my opponent was deplorable, I should not say so. I should guard it as a secret." This is a typical extract from a poster in the Eleventh Arrondissement that I saw on the eve of the elections. There were, in all, one thousand candidates more than could be elected, and they are all gone back to their firesides branded as scoundrels, lunatics, and thieves. Eatanswill election is a baby compared with the fight even in the most Arcadian French village. The defeat of Paul de Cassagnac is a surprise, but the idea of Drumont being beaten in Algeria is incomprehensible. The disgraceful Jew-baiter had a majority of close on nine thousand at the last elections, and there was a positive panic in the Nationalist camp when they saw his mishap. Those who know the Editor of the *Libre Parole* in private life can no more understand the violence of his public pen than can the friends of the princely, courteous Rochefort.



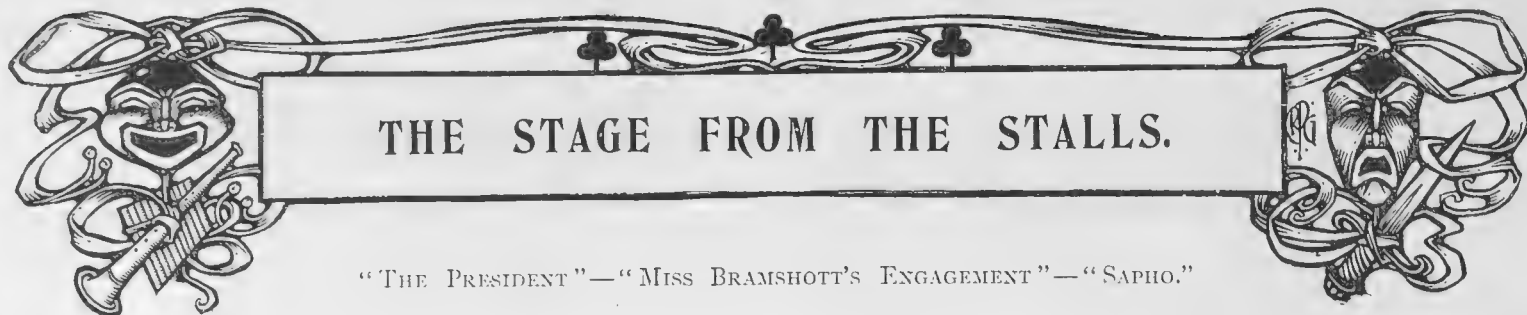
MADAME RÉJANE AND HER DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

"SECESSIONIST" ART IN BERLIN.

Once again the Secession Art Gallery has thrown open its doors to the public. Once again the Berlin public is trying to guess the *raison d'être* of the titles affixed to the numerous productions exhibited. Once again does the average visitor wonder why the lazy painter has left him, the visitor, to mix the colours. Why did not the painter himself do this before asking the public to view the pictures hung? The sort of picture which I mean is of the snow-flake kind; dizzy masses of snow-flakes of every colour cover the canvas, while the general features of the picture have to be guessed at rather than seen at a glance. Fancy a stream of water consisting of myriads of little purple, green, yellow, and blue snow-flakes! And yet this is the picture that presents itself to the eye of the uninitiated. Other pictures there are that might be termed the "splash" type: a careless splash of white paint upon the canvas, a line drawn out in one direction, a touch put in another, and there we have—what does the catalogue call it?—a "peacock"! The artist will say that you are not a true artist, or you would not make such irrelevant remarks; but the answer of the average visitor will be that he likes to have the meaning of the picture borne in upon him without having to first consult the catalogue.

A picture called "Samson and Delilah" has rightly evoked very sharp sarcasm from the art-critics. A repulsively uncomely woman sitting upon a couch, stretching out in one hand what looks at first like a black wig, is meant to represent Delilah, while the recumbent form of a man who presents the appearance of one who is anything but a Hercules and by no means of shapely form is supposed to be Samson. Other monstrosities of so-called art are also *en évidence*. One picture seems to consist of the following: A shapeless mass of bright-green rock, a long streak of bright rhubarb, a narrow white line of huts, and, to end up the nightmare, a seedy-looking moon peeping from behind the green smudge. The streaky rhubarb is meant for a winding road, the rock for a hill, and the huts apparently for a village street. No wonder the Berlin papers are amusing themselves at the expense of "Secessionist" art!



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

“THE PRESIDENT” — “MISS BRAMSHOTT’S ENGAGEMENT” — “SAPHO.”

THE events of this season should at least tend to destroy the fond belief that the cry of the great unacted is well founded. Within the last few weeks, plays by two unknown dramatists have been produced by popular Managers, who, if rumour be true, have chosen them on their supposed merits and out of a huge mass of submitted works. Mr. Wyndham may have found a fairly successful piece in “The End of a Story,” but it certainly shows nothing better than mediocrity; whilst “The President,” of which Mr. Frank Stayton is the author, neither promises nor deserves success. If these be the pick of the basket, one shudders at the thought of the middle, and the idea of the bottom is too horrible for thought. One may and should admit that there is some cleverness in the curious hodge-podge at the Prince of Wales’s Theatre, a thing so strange in form that it reminds one of the product of the drawing-room game in which several people combine to draw a human being, one taking the head, another the legs, and so on, and none seeing the work of the others. It contains scraps of everything, even including a vulgar topical song with a stanza about having “old Krüger on the grid,” and a “d—d good thing he did.” By-the-bye, Mr. Hawtrej pronounced the “d—d” very timidly—perhaps he was getting tired of the word. Alas, “damns” have not had their day, but flourish vigorously with other undesirable things.

The pity is that a capital subject has been ill-handled. The idea of a simple-minded, honourable Englishman becoming leader of a Revolution and President of a corrupt little Republic, and then discovering that almost all his adherents think and hope he is dishonest, and finding himself hated because he is honest, might serve for a powerful comedy with scope for vigorous action and fine humour. In this curious Republic, I notice that apparently everyone lives on bribery and robbery, which reminds one of the inhabitants of the island who lived by taking in one another’s washing. When part of this theme is treated as farce and part seriously, when a sentimental, earnest love-scene is followed by an irrelevant song, chorus, and cake-walk dance, interest, of course, evaporates. One cannot expect either public or critic to be held by scenes the exact character of which is obscure unless they are brilliantly written. It may be said that much of this would apply to the immortal works of “G. B. S.,” and the reply is that his plays, partly by reason of this, do not receive the insult of popularity, and also that Mr. Stayton’s piece does not show a tenth of the “G. B. S.” brain-power which makes his plays fascinatingly irritating and vexatiously interesting, and therefore never dull, to many of us. For I think it may safely be asserted that the great source of weakness in our drama is the lack of brain-power shown in the average plays: they seem to have been written by the average man for the average, and in many instances this appears to be the case intentionally, for some, at least, of those who approach the stage with a fine mental equipment deliberately write down; consequently a large proportion of the intelligent people neglect the drama, and the result is the present stagnation and a mass of plays which suggest neither culture nor great natural gifts in their authors. I ought to add that possibly Mr. Stayton should not be blamed for the introduction of the impertinent song and dance. I have known cases, and not a few, where authors have been driven almost to suicide because of the blame poured on them for sins thrust on them by unauthorised interpolations of unseemly jests and the like.

Mr. Hawtrej’s acting has lost none of its easy, unforced charm, but in his passages as passionate lover he hardly seemed sincere. Miss Miriam Clements is delightful as the English girl who inspires him to mild action; one wonders why a lady of such charm and skill is generally seen as an ornament of our side of the footlights. Miss McCord—new, I think, to town—played her part as a fiery patriot effectively, yet with no suggestion of specific character. The others acted well enough, but not remarkably; and here I venture to say that it seems needless, in a general way, to go through the list of performers, giving a well- or ill-chosen phrase to each, and that, in fact, unless a player acts better or worse than the average, there is no valid reason for using ink on the subject. The average is the average, and not difficult of attainment, and there seems no need to talk about it.

Mr. Street’s short farce, “Miss Bramshott’s Engagement,” is certainly above the average; yet not quite so fresh or witty as one would have expected from a man of his talent. Perhaps the quaint idea of the vigorous maiden who bullies men into proposing to her and has three beaux at one time to her string is not strong enough for thirty minutes’ acting; certainly there was needless repetition of one or two scenes. It is likely, however, that lack of technical skill has hampered an author working in a new medium and unable fully to realise his ideas. The piece is welcome because it is funny and has

some novelty, and particularly welcome in that it shows a willingness to present a *lever de rideau* a little off the beaten track and one that is really a one-Act piece and not a super-condensed three-decker. It is strange that one often sees a three-Act idea squeezed into one, and also, alas, a one-Act idea drawn out to three, and this is leaving out of account the fact that the objection to plays in two Acts prevents many capital themes from being used at all or forces playwrights to ruin them by adulteration.

I am told that Mr. Clyde Fitch is the fashionable dramatist of America, where many of his plays have enjoyed, and are still enjoying, success. If this be the case, my remarks about the British drama may be qualified by the comfortable assurance that we are better off than our formidable cousins, for few, if any, of Mr. Fitch’s plays have had success in England, or deserved it. Not any of them, I think, has been quite so bad as “Sapho,” one of the poorest specimens of clumsy play-hashing that I can recollect. Daudet’s novel was not a masterpiece, the French stage-version of it was not a gem; but, in comparison with the piece presented at the Adelphi by Miss Nethersole, they both seem works of supreme art. No doubt, Miss Nethersole, like other distinguished leading actresses, has chosen the play on account of the effectiveness of the principal part. Yet it is to be regretted that she has not slashed out the needless, silly first Act and removed the comic dinner business, as deplorable a specimen of comic relief as any that I have ever seen at the Adelphi. Indeed, she would be wise if she were to get a translation of the French play, which has some claims as a work of art and gives far greater opportunities to the actress. Réjane’s biggest scene of all was one in which she is repulsed in her effort to win back Gaussin when she has gone after him to the country, and this is quite untouched in the American play. However, the important part of the matter, I suppose, is not the play, but the playing, and one must look upon “Sapho” as a mere vehicle—such a vehicle! (“donkey-cart,” one might say)—for the acting of Miss Nethersole. Now, Miss Nethersole has been most perplexing: it required little shrewdness to see that she was an actress of quite remarkable gifts in every respect, and just as little to know that she has sometimes played atrociously—worse, indeed, than she could have acted if she had been less intelligent, for a clever person can go further wrong than a merely stupid one. We have seen performances by her with touches of genius rendered almost nugatory by eccentricities and curious mannerisms; she has chosen perversely to mispronounce our language almost as irritatingly as if she spoke it wrongly through sheer ignorance. Consequently, people have shaken their heads at her name and deplored the fact that London has not had the pleasure that it ought to have had from the gifts showered upon her. Her Sapho was an agreeable surprise, for most of her mannerisms and eccentricities have been abandoned. It is true that in two scenes she does a grovelling business which, like the crawling in her “Carmen,” seems ridiculous to London playgoers; and here and there the “ful” sounds—as in beautiful—were given strangely; but, on the whole, it may be said that she has accomplished the almost miracle of throwing aside the affectations of style which have hitherto impeded her progress. The result was a performance of superb quality, painted, perhaps, a little coarsely so far as the *chiaro-oscuro* is concerned, though, in part, the author seems culpable in this, but embellished by some beautiful little tender touches, as in her scene with the child—the child-actress, Miss Innes-Ker, is astoundingly, almost painfully, intelligent—and her scenes of despair and passion really gripped everybody. Nothing short of great acting could have roused the audience to such enthusiastic applause as we heard after the long, dreary, comic business in the third Act. What a pity Miss Nethersole is so tactless as to wear a crude red gown in the second Act, where the walls of the room are a pink—a fact which rendered her almost invisible; but this is only one element in the mass of criticism that could be directed against the mounting of the play, which in every aspect displays an ignorance of French life that would be surprising in a person who had no better acquaintance with France than would come from a single excursion in the *Marguerite*. The only thing and person in the piece from which one got any suggestion of France was Miss Rosina Fillippi, who was charming in the too short part of Divonne. It is to be hoped that Miss Nethersole will give us something more than this tawdry play now that she has come to her own, and, if she will continue to suppress her mannerisms, there are many plays in which she could delight London audiences, and take, if she desire it, the great place on our stage to which she is entitled by her remarkable ability—perhaps I should say, genius.

MONOCLE.

THE MATINEES OF "TATTERCOATS," AT THE SAVOY.



MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AS THE HERD-BOY.

(SEE "HEARD-IN-THE-GREEN-ROOM.")

Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION: 1902.

"PARIS IN LONDON"—THE NEW ATTRACTION FOR THIS YEAR'S SUMMER SHOW, WHICH OPENS TO-DAY—A DESCRIPTION OF ITS MOST IMPORTANT FEATURES.

"PARIS in London!" What holiday visions the name conjures up before one's eyes! What days devoted to pleasure and evenings to open-air pleasantries rise at the thought of the city which stands to us for all that is gay! Farewell the Channel, with its choppy seas. Farewell the torments of *mal-de-mer*. Farewell the furbishing of seldom-spoken French for a month before we start, since the City of Light has come to our very doors.



Delightful as London always is during the summer, for few cities are more beautiful under the blue sky, Earl's Court takes on an added beauty by reason of its association with Paris, the most up-to-date features of which are reproduced, as well as some of the most interesting of the special features of the Exposition of 1900. To this end the familiar buildings and grounds have for some time past been undergoing a great deal of transformation, and the *habitué* will hardly recognise the great area in its new dress when, to-day, its doors are opened for the season by the Lord Mayor, who will visit the Exhibition in State, accompanied by the Sheriffs and the

various City officials. Indeed, Sir Joseph Dimsdale has, from the first, taken the warmest interest in the project, which offers great scope for that lightness and brightness which are becoming more and more the distinguishing needs of our generation.

In the course of this transformation, that part of the Exhibition known as "Old London" has been metamorphosed into "Picturesque Paris," as it is now called, and in the space between the Great Wheel and the Imperial Court there is a summer theatre like the well-known ones in the Champs-Élysées. Here concerts will be given three times a day by a company of the best Parisian artistes, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Otter, of the Folies-Bergères. These concerts will be given one in the afternoon and two in the evening, so as to appeal to the early diners and those who prefer to linger over their evening meal. It may seem, at first sight, strange to employ a purely French Company to appeal to the mass of an eminently English audience. Even with English artistes, however, the words of the songs are in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred but of secondary consideration and they are rarely heard by most of the audience. Besides, as a Frenchman once wittily observed, "not even all Frenchmen can understand many of the French songs." The general impression of lightness and vivacity, of sparkling colour, combined with bright music, will no doubt attract thousands to the theatre, whose sides will not be entirely closed, so that those who prefer to remain in the open may yet get glimpses of what is going on within and have their ears tickled by the rhythm of the music. For them rows of trees have been planted as on the boulevards, kiosks are dotted about, and tables will be found in the open-air at which they may sip *eau sucrée* and *syrop* of various kinds or drink a "Mazagran."

The Queen's Court has, under the influence of the magician's wand, been changed to represent the chief Palaces of the Exposition, while many of the sensational effects, like the Topsy-Turvy House and the voyage on the River Styx, are introduced. In this latter the public will be able to emulate the imaginative voyage which Mr. Beerbohm Tree takes every night, and enjoy in anticipation the passage down the dark river on which all who live must one day sail.

Paris would not be Paris without the Bastille or the Morgue, and both of these rather gruesome buildings will be reproduced for the benefit of those who rather like to heighten their pleasures with a *souffron* of morbidity. Of an entirely different character is the spiral moving-way, which, traversing scenery representing the Pyrenees, will suggest to

all and sundry some of the attractions which are sought by the mountaineer even at the peril of his life.

Still more interesting is the fine-art collection, representing the greatest modern artists of artistic Paris. This is said by experts to be probably the finest collection of the sort ever seen outside Paris itself, and the chief men in the world of art have been evincing the warmest interest in making it as complete as possible.

To the women, on whom the success of so many ventures depend, there will be a special sort of attraction in the Palais du Costume, which was such a sensation in Paris. It has been transferred bodily to Earl's Court, with some important additions which cannot fail to enhance its popularity. The original idea was that it should illustrate the history and development of dress from the earliest time to to-day, and in the modern section will be found an exhibit of the chief dressmakers of Paris. Among these creations is one whose first cost represents an outlay of no less than £600. While this is undoubtedly the most expensive dress in the exhibition, it is approached in value by some of the historical costumes, which have cost from £300 to £400; but, whatever the price, there can be no question of the artistic beauty of the show, as anyone will attest who saw it in Paris, or has seen it at the private view at which the representative of *The Sketch* "assisted."

Music has always been one of the most popular of the attractions at Earl's Court. This year the English bands will be augmented by French bands, thus keeping up the dominating French idea. This idea, indeed, may have a more far-reaching effect than was contemplated, for the delicate compliment of the Exhibition to France will doubtless be appreciated, and may do more to keep alive pleasant feelings between the two nations than all the treaties and peace demonstrations in the world.

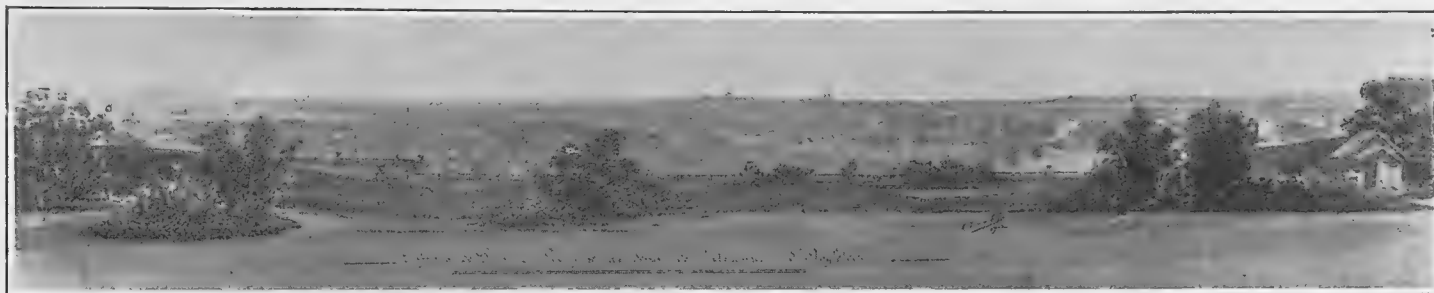
ROYAL WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

THERE is always a special character about the exhibitions of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, Pall Mall, that gives them an interest of their own, for nowhere else may we see such variety of style, the old, the transitional, and the new, in such close contiguity. In the recently opened Summer Show this peculiarity is strongly emphasised, and it is not without a sense of satisfaction that one recognises how, in the hands of a master like Mr. Albert Goodwin, the old stippling style may be made to produce effects that can rival those resulting from the broad brush-work and fluidity cultivated by the younger men. Take, for instance, his "Ilfracombe" and "Canterbury," which look as if they had been executed in little touches, but yet hold together so well as to produce charming combinations of atmosphere and colour in their entirety. This artist is very strongly represented, and shows several other works that more forcibly express his feeling for mystery and his poetical imagination, such as "Dante and Virgil at the Gate of the City of Dis."

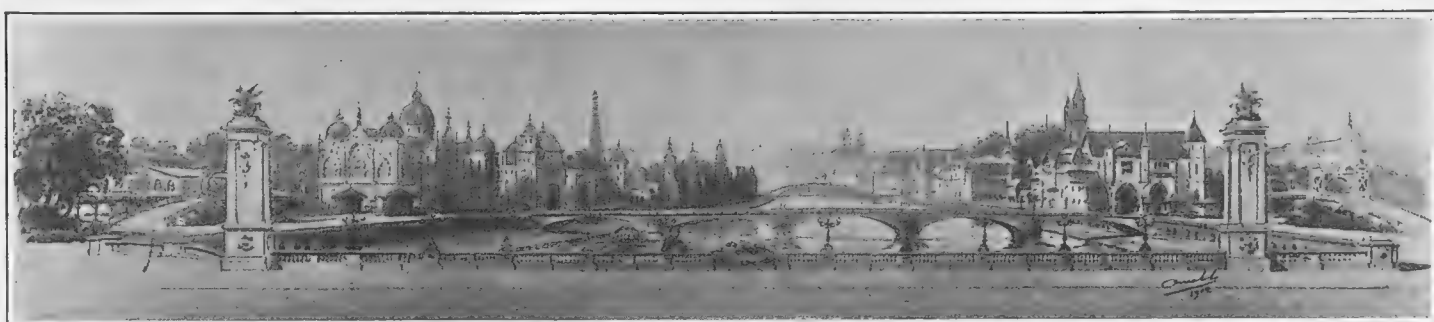


Mr. E. A. Waterlow may be said to be more representative of the period of transition. His landscape work, while being looser in technique, is exceedingly naturalistic and is always marked by a close regard for the changing aspects of Nature. One of her most fascinating moods, "The Mists of Early Autumn," is represented by him in a work that stands out from its competitors both on account of its size and its forcibly rendered pictorial qualities, the fine trees, the cows by the pool, and the soft effect of the rising mist all combining to make it one of the most striking compositions in the gallery. An artist who successfully cultivates the freshness, transparency, and liquid technique of the

three artists take so strong a position in the show that I have noted some of their works first; but there are other exhibitors who deserve praise, and among them probably no one will elicit more appreciation than Miss Rose Barton by her sympathetic and fascinating representations of childhood. The suggestion of innocence and unconscious beauty in the one little girl that figures over and over again is to some extent reminiscent of Kate Greenaway. Sir F. Powell shows a fine sunset, with a boat telling boldly on a placid lake and a picturesque sky. Some excellent work has been accomplished by Miss E. Stanhope Forbes, especially in "When All the World is



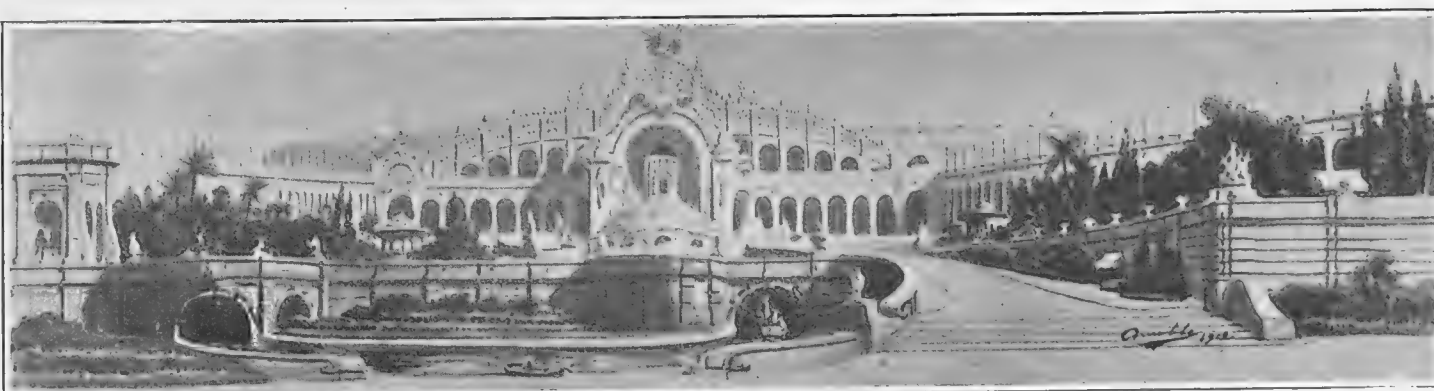
VIEW OF PARIS, AS SEEN FROM THE BRITISH EMBASSY.



VIEW FROM PONT ALEXANDRE, LOOKING WEST.



AVENUE ALEXANDRE III.



THE CHÂTEAU D'EAU.

SCENES AT THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION: "PARIS IN LONDON."

modern school is Mr. J. R. Weguelin, and his contributions are undoubtedly to be numbered among the most charming in the gallery. It is not often that the undraped figure is rendered so successfully in water-colour as in "Salutis Gratia Zonis." But, though admirable delicacy of colour and grace of drawing have been applied to the three figures, I cannot help thinking that the artist might have added something further to their charm by a little more warmth in the flesh-tints. "Arcadia," in which two poetical figures appear among the bluebells in a well-suggested landscape setting, if not quite so fine, is very pleasing, by reason of its exceeding fancifulness. These

Young," where the characteristics of spring-time are strongly marked in the landscape and the children are decoratively grouped. Mr. R. W. Allan's fishing-boats, "Drawn Up for the Season," the landscapes of Mr. Alfred Parsons and Mr. Eyre Walker, Miss C. Montalba's delightfully fresh representations of the brilliant colour on Italian waters, and Mr. T. M. Rooke's architectural work are among other matters that will engage the attention of visitors. I must not forget to mention Mr. Anning Bell's imaginative figure-compositions, nor Mr. Herbert Marshall's busy and delicately rendered Thames scene, "London's Harbour."

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE IN "SAPHO,"

AS PLAYED AT THE ADELPHI.



ACT I.—AT THE BALL SAPHO RECITES FROM THE PEDESTAL OF THE DEPOSED STATUE OF VENUS.

Photograph by Byron, New York.

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE IN "SAPHO,"

AS PLAYED AT THE ADELPHI.



ACT II.—SAPHO, AFTER MEETING GAUSSIN AT THE BALL, FOLLOWS HIM TO HIS ROOMS.



ACT IV.—SAPHO SAYS GOOD-BYE TO GAUSSIN WHILST HE SLEEPS.



ACT IV.—SAPHO PREPARING TO LEAVE GAUSSIN.

Photographs by Byron, New York.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM,

THE INVENTOR OF THE MAXIM GUN, WHO IS NOW TURNING HIS ATTENTION TO THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.

THERE is a popular impression that Sir Hiram Maxim has offered £50,000 for the plans of a practical flying-machine. This is quite incorrect. Sir Hiram is prepared to pay £50,000, but it is to be for a practical and satisfactory flying-machine which will do certain things, and the plans and the patents must be invested in him. The misapprehension has led to his being deluged with plans, which have been arriving for the last two or three weeks every hour in the day and in all languages. It would seem as if the number of people capable of making the plans of a flying-machine is unlimited, or rather, that the number of those who think they can make such plans is without end. Some of the letters which accompanied the plans are curiosities. One worthy forwards drawings for "bilding a masheen," while another talks of a "bloon." A third writes, "I hear you made this offer, and I think I can satisfy you with the goods"; while a fourth, evidently of an emphatic turn of mind and unwilling to give anything for nothing, says, "Upon the receipt of this letter, please go at once to the Bank of England and get a £500 note, register it, and mail it me; I will then write and tell you how to build a flying-machine."



LADY MAXIM.

Photograph by Horner, 11 Inter Street, Boston.

The idea of the flying-machine occurred to Sir Hiram and his associates after the Maxim gun had achieved its European renown. It appeared to him that it would be of overwhelming value to the Empire if it were possible to have a flying-machine which would enable the enemy's position to be reconnoitred and attacked from above by the dropping of bombs. That was the starting-point of the experiments which resulted in Sir Hiram's large flying-machine.

Sir Hiram soon found that the forty acres of land which he owned did not offer space enough for experiments in free flight, as there were too many trees and buildings in the neighbourhood. He, therefore, moved his works to much larger premises, where he has a thousand acres free from trees, and, at the present time, he is waiting to see what new developments are made in the direction of light motors which do not require a boiler. It is worth noting that, after his experiments in flying-machines, he received the silver medal of the Royal Society of Arts, London, and the bronze medal of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

With Sir Hiram Maxim's name the gun he invented naturally suggests itself. The idea of it first occurred to him when, as a young man, shortly after the Civil War in America, he was induced to fire a Springfield rifle. The effect was so great that, as Sir Hiram has been heard to remark, in his own inimitably humorous fashion, "the idea might be said to have been kicked into me." There was enough energy in that kick, as it seemed to him, to perform all the functions of loading and firing the weapon. As a matter of fact, it was in 1873 that he began to make a drawing of an automatic gun, but he dropped the idea, and it was not until 1883 that he set to work seriously on the subject and made his first set of drawings with the instruments which he, naturally, still treasures. The drawings were made in Paris, were brought to London, and shown to certain people, who joined the inventor and established a workshop at 57D, Hatton Garden. Before long the automatic gun was built, and a special arrangement was made in the basement to enable it to be fired. From the very first it attracted a great deal of interest, though, when the announcement was made in the papers that an American engineer and electrician had succeeded in producing a gun which would load and fire itself by simply touching a button—a gun in which the work of loading and firing was done by the burning powder—scepticism declared that it was too good to be true. One of the first military authorities to call on Sir Hiram (then, of course, Mr.) Maxim was H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. He was delighted with what he saw. The Duke's visit was followed by that of the then Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., the Duke of Edinburgh, and many other

notable men. When the Prince of Wales went, Sir Hiram remarked to His Royal Highness that a great many royal salutes had been fired for him, but that he did not propose to add to the number himself. "But, sir," he continued, "I will enable your Royal Highness to fire your own royal salute quicker than anyone has ever fired it for you." With that, he placed twenty-one cartridges in a belt, the Prince pressed the button, and within two seconds the gun had done the rest.

The British Government was the first to order a gun. It specified that the gun was to weigh not more than a hundred pounds, should fire four hundred rounds in one minute, and six hundred rounds in two minutes. Sir Hiram sent a gun weighing forty pounds which fired more than six hundred rounds in one minute, discharging two thousand rounds in three minutes. When it was put into competition with the other machine-guns at Hythe, it beat them at all points. It was of this gun, indeed, that Lord Salisbury once said to the King, "Sir Hiram has prevented more men from dying of old age than any other man who has ever lived."

Sir Hiram's private laboratory and workshops are situated at Thurlow Lodge, West Norwood, the residence at one time of the Lord Chancellor, which he bought many years ago. Here Sir Hiram's assistant, Mr. Henry Bishop, lives and executes the experimental work on which Sir Hiram is always engaged.

LADY MAXIM.

Apart from the interest which she commands through her brilliantly endowed husband, Lady Maxim attracts an interest on her own account by reason of the graces of her mind no less than those of her person. She is an exceedingly clever woman. Indeed, Sir Hiram, who has been brought into contact with most of the clever women of our time, has been heard to say more than once that Lady Maxim is the cleverest woman he has ever known, few, if any others, even approaching her in the matter of ability and sound common-sense. He has paid practical tribute to her mentality by talking over with her all his inventions in their various stages. Not the least interesting fact in connection with her life is that Sir Hiram has known her from the time when, as he once said, she was "a tow-headed little girl." At that time, the Lady Maxim of to-day was Miss Haynes, the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Haynes, of Boston.



AT THURLOW LODGE: SIR HIRAM AND HIS ASSISTANT, MR. BISHOP, STUDYING A PLAN.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

IX.—SIR HIRAM MAXIM.



"YOU WANT TO INTERVIEW ME? I'LL TAKE OFF MY COAT."



"IN THE FIRST PLACE, I ALWAYS DRAW MY OWN PLANS."



"THIS IS THE CASE OF INSTRUMENTS WITH WHICH I DESIGNED THE MAXIM GUN."



"THESE ARE SOME OF THE INSTRUMENTS WHICH I USE IN MY EXPERIMENTAL WORK."



SIR HIRAM (DICTATING TO HIS SECRETARY): "I AM PREPARED TO PAY £50,000 FOR A FLYING-MACHINE."
(For Conditions see Article.)



"I OFTEN EXPLAIN TO MY MEN THE PROPER USE OF THE TOOLS."



"THIS IS HOW I WORK A BIG LATHE—MY 4½-TON PLAYTHING."



"GOOD-BYE!"

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

WHATEVER may be the verdict upon "Graham Travers's" new novel, "The Way of Escape," as a literary achievement, there can be no question as to the strong, fearless sincerity of Dr. Margaret Todd's writing. "The Way of Escape" is a minute character-study of a woman of character. I cannot say that I find Vera altogether convincing, but one is compelled to agree with the summing-up of Mr. Raeburn—

"I think she is behaving in a most quixotic way. I believe all this could easily have been avoided."

"But—?"

He smiled whimsically. "But, when one actually sees the thing done before one's eyes, I am afraid it is a case of—*Hats off!*"

Every reader will take off his hat to Vera and her creator.

Apart from the picture of the central figure of the woman who sinned and atoned, who fought her own battle and won, who never throughout the strain and stress gave up altogether her supreme joy of living, there are a number of other characters excellently drawn and touched into life. Vera's brother Harold is the one figure in the gallery who repels. I will never believe that any man with a spark of manhood in him would ever be guilty of such brutality as is shown in Harold's conversation with Vera after her confession. And up to that moment he was pictured as a gentleman.

There is likely to be quite a considerable Carlyle boom this year. I hear that some important new editions are in contemplation.

It is becoming quite the fashion now to introduce the old giants of letters into modern fiction. In Mrs. Stepney Rawson's new novel, "Journeyman Love," the interest centres round George Sand and her coterie. You meet famous names on every page, Guizot and Chopin and Heine. Here is a striking picture of Heine—

The door was open. A brown carpet covered part of the floor. A table, a clothes' chest, a shelf of ill-matched books, a smoking fire of damp wood, a low bed, a grey coverlet, and above it a twisted, thin face, all shadows and lines of pain that were cut into the cheeks and brow as if with a style. One eyelid lay inert and twitching. The eye beneath the other was piercing. This—the dying lion? It seemed impossible. The voice from the pillow called imperiously to a woman in the further room. She came, looked at the sick man, kissed him lightly, shook her head, and tripped towards the stairs.

"I cannot wait longer; I must go and buy some linen now," she said, a little sharply, over her shoulder to the man on the bed. "You must have patience."

On the landing she paused a moment, surveying Gilbert. "If you are only one of those book-people, you can go in," she said to him.

"Heine—Heine of to-day—a creature with hopes?"

"Have you forgotten—?" Gilbert quoted a fiery passage written when the poet was full of radiant hopes.

The twisting man on the bed laughed. "Forgotten—not a bit! It was all delicious. I remember the very day it was written—high wind and high sea. I hurried away from them, because the wind itself got into my head and pushed me towards France. There was the dearest creature to leave behind—a fisher-girl with feet like a goddess and lips—oh, like everything! It was difficult to say good-bye. 'Lollipops melt so quickly'—that is what I said to comfort her. And afterwards, when I returned to Paris and found everything quiet and no real effect of all the glorious national impulse I had imagined, I said it again—to console myself."

"And now—?"

"Oh, well, it is just the same! Everything passes quickly, including comedy. Indeed, it passes quicker than anything else."

But, after all, this does not approach in power and pathos that wonderful description by Mr. Zangwill, "On a Mattress-Grave."

Mrs. Slade, whose first book, "A Wayside Weed," was one of the most promising pieces of fiction of last year, has more than fulfilled that promise in her new novel, "Mary Neville." It is true that at times her style borders dangerously upon the hysterical and melodramatic, but Mrs. Slade has the root of the matter in her. Her story grips. It is a pitiful enough tragedy, but it convinces from beginning to end. It is, from start to finish, as pitiful as life itself. Thousands of novels have been written round the curse of drink, but none more appalling, more agonising, than this. "Mary Neville"

married a drunkard, and her story is, as the sub-title of the book gives it, "the History of a Woman who Attempted Too Much."

The first volume of the great Supplement of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is to be issued immediately. In the remarkable prospectus which has been issued by those responsible for this great undertaking there is an interesting account of the history of the "Encyclopædia." The "Encyclopædia" was originally prepared by "a Society of Gentlemen in Scotland," and the first weekly section was sold in December 1768 by Colin MacFarquharson in his printing-office in Nicols Street, Edinburgh. Three years later, the first edition was completed, in three volumes, containing 2760 pages and 100 copper-plates. The present edition, when completed by the eleven new volumes of the Supplement, will include more than 28,000 pages and more than 12,000 plates, maps, and other illustrations. A noteworthy feature of the new volumes will be the comprehensive index of the completed work, which will contain more than 600,000 entries. The practice of identifying the more important articles with their authors by the means of initials has been followed in the new volumes, but in several important cases articles are deliberately left unsigned, for anonymity was necessitated by the fact that only on that condition could the editors induce certain writers to undertake subjects which they had made peculiarly their own and "yet could not treat with the detachment which is essential to objective discussion if their personalities were formally associated with what they said." The biographies of living persons are in all cases anonymous.

Mr. Tom Gallon, whose "The Man who Knew Better" was one of the most successful of last year's Christmas books, is writing a new story in a somewhat similar vein which will be issued this autumn by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. The same firm will publish in September Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new novel, "Paul Kelter." O. O.



MR. HENRY HARLAND, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY PARAMOUNT."

"THE LADY PARAMOUNT."

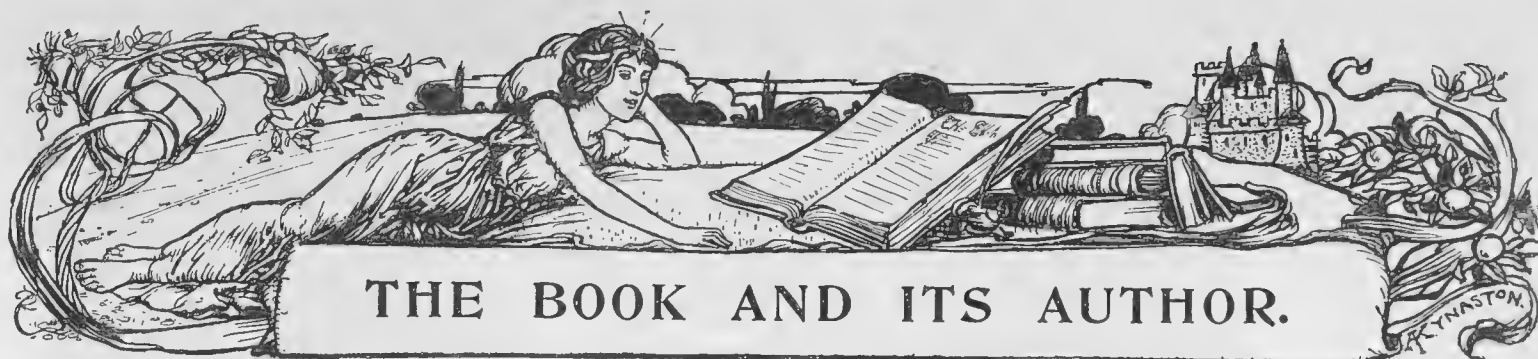
There is a daintiness of idea and a delicacy of touch about "The Lady Paramount" (John Lane), Mr. Henry Harland's latest romance, that raises it out of the ordinary run of modern novels.

His dialogue is clever, and his descriptions of scenery, although, perhaps, a little too "pretty," are full of poetic feeling. The weakest point about the book is the lack of story.

Mr. Harland is something of a cosmopolitan, for he was born at St. Petersburg, and educated at Rome, Paris, and Harvard University. Of the many novels he has published, the best-known is "The Cardinal's Snuff-box," which has had a sale of nearly a hundred thousand copies. He was at one time the Editor of the *Yellow Book*. Although he has attained success as a novelist, he is still a comparatively young man, for he has only just celebrated his forty-first birthday.

THE BARONY OF BEAUMONT.

The Barony of Beaumont is one of the most ancient and distinguished in the Peerage of England, and the principal founder of the family was King of Jerusalem and companion-in-arms of King Edward I. The sixth Peer was the first subject honoured with the dignity of Viscount, a title attained at the Lancastrian defeat of Northampton. The premier Peer of that grade is now Devereux, Viscount Hereford, whose honour, granted in 1550, is a hundred and ten years junior to the forfeited title of John, sixth Baron Beaumont. The above-mentioned grandfather of the first Peer was not only King of Jerusalem, but King of Sicily—dominions which in those days of tardy transport must have taken all of a Monarch's time in personally supervising. The heir-male of this old family is Sir George Howland Beaumont, Bart., whose ancestor, after vainly petitioning for a revival in his favour of the Viscounty, accepted one Baronetcy from Cromwell, and, what is almost unprecedented, another from Charles II.



THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

"WILLIAM BLACK: NOVELIST."

ALTHOUGH it may be questioned whether a man's biography should, as a general rule, be written by his intimate friend, there can be no doubt that to write the Life of William Black (Cassell and Co.), who revealed his real personality to the very few, no more fitting hand could have been found than that of Sir Wemyss Reid. The mere conjunction of the names of the great novelist departed and the eminent publicist who is happily still with us suffices to call up the vision of the little coterie of friends who through the 'eighties and into the early 'nineties were daily seen at one table in the Reform Club: James Payn, Sir John Robinson, Black, and his present biographer. To the members of that inner circle it was given to know the novelist as he was, and the portrait which Sir Wemyss Reid has drawn lacks nothing in sympathy, if in detail it leaves something to be desired. But this was, perhaps, inevitable from the very elusiveness of Black's character.

It is very much the fashion nowadays to discover a Celtic strain in every writer of consideration, and this Black's biographer contrives to do for his hero with a show of reason somewhat rare in such arguments. Though by birth a Lowlander of Lowlanders, for he first saw the light in the prosaic Trongate of Glasgow (a thoroughfare contiguous to the Sautmarket famous in romance), Black could trace his descent from a branch of the Clan Lamont driven forth from the Lamont country under a leader called the Black Clerk or Black Priest, whence presumably the family name. The exiles settled in Lanarkshire at Carnwath, and became in process of time noted Covenanters, a characteristic which may be taken to imply the infusion of a considerable strain of Lowland blood into the ancient Celtic stock. This admixture was to be at once revenged and justified in the novelist, who, if he outgrew the narrow Puritanism into which he was born and displayed in moments of relaxation the Celt's sheer joy of living, was yet to the end his father's son in passionate loyalty to truth and justice.

Black's education was in no respect that of the conventional Scottish youth of a certain class of fiction. There is about his head no academic halo reflected from the midnight lamp. His schooling was sound, but, as it came to an end when he was sixteen, it can scarcely be considered thorough. We hear of no aspirations towards the University, for the pursuit of art was the future novelist's first aim. He had some tuition at the Glasgow School of Art, but it was in words, not in pigments, that he was to realise his dream. The death of his father made it necessary for Black to shift for himself, and he boldly embarked on journalism, finding work almost at once on the *Citizen*, where he served the diversified and valuable apprenticeship in "general utility" which the Provincial Press in those days offered to its neophytes. Some essays in fiction marked this period, but his first novel, "James Merle," and its immediate successors were only dim forecasts of what Black might yet accomplish. At length the inevitable happened, he set his face towards London to try his luck. His careful mother, however, warned by the struggles of her son's friend, Robert Buchanan, had insisted that he should fortify himself against want by obtaining a City clerkship which would, at least, provide daily bread until the Muses should wax propitious. Buchanan found a lodging for the new recruit, and the two men were comrades for

years, until some misunderstanding, no one seems to remember exactly what it was, led to a regrettable sundering of their paths.

In the Metropolis, Black had no struggle. His journalism prospered, and very soon he was able to resign his clerkship and trust to his Press-work alone for support. He wrote first for *Once a Week*, and afterwards for the *Morning Star* and the *Daily News*. He edited for a brief period the *London Review* and the *Examiner*, of which latter his friend Minto had also been editor. But fame was not his for a good seven years, during which he was to taste life at its bitterest in the loss of his young wife. Three novels appeared during this period, but the *Saturday Review* was unkind, and Black meditated a strategic capture of the position. In 1871, that journal, then the arbiter of letters, hailed with unqualified praise an anonymous work entitled "A Daughter of Heth," and the revelation of the author's name set Black in the foremost place among rising writers of fiction. He had only to live up to his first success to render his reputation secure. The public quickly ratified the verdict of the Press, and readers were charmed with the new magician that had arisen to delineate pure womanhood with unrivalled force and delicacy. Black's mastery, too,

of natural description and his power of rendering colour through the medium of mere words won him in artistic circles that friendship and recognition which he had once dreamed of attaining by his brush.

Sir Wemyss Reid convinces his reader of the sterling qualities of the novelist, who was unspoiled by his sudden entry into the temple of fame. His conscientious industry knew no check from his altered circumstances, and, although in the home he made for himself and his mother at Camberwell Grove there was much pleasant coming and going of congenial friends, Black remained true to his art and ever made work the first business of the day. "The

Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" had, at least, maintained his reputation; "A Princess of Thule," with its new revelation of the Highlands, firmly established it. From that time forward the public knew what to expect of William Black and was seldom disappointed. Cynics may have said he founded a school of fiction on salmon-fishing, but the glorification of that sport alone would not have won him his place in the hearts of so many. It is by Coquette, Sheila, Madcap Violet, and those other dainty and elusive creations drawn from that sanctuary which he opened to none except through his books, that he will endure.

At Black's reticence I have already hinted, and thus it is that his biography amounts only to a series of passing glimpses. His letters reveal little; the most illuminating view we obtain is possibly Sir Wemyss Reid's admirable sketch of the cloaked, silent figure pacing restlessly the old Chain Pier at Brighton, where so many chapters were thought out to the accompaniment of the surge and the wind. Of the "abandoned Celt" in moments of relaxation there are casual but amiable portraits—the most notable the mad freak which led him to appear on the stage as a super to his friend Miss Mary Anderson's Juliet. He had no "lines" to speak, but stage-fright paralysed his limbs and the masker had to be dragged off by Tybalt. Of the sad closing days, when illness laid hold of his friend, Sir Wemyss Reid writes with delicate regret, doing full justice to the nobility and generosity of Black's character. The book is full of charm and probably brings us as near to Black as we shall ever attain, or have any right to attain, outside his novels.

J. D. SYMON.



THE WILLIAM BLACK MEMORIAL BEACON, DUART POINT, MULL.

Reproduced by permission from "William Black: Novelist" (Cassell and Co.). Photograph by D. Mackay, Oban.

SHAKSPERE ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL MAY.

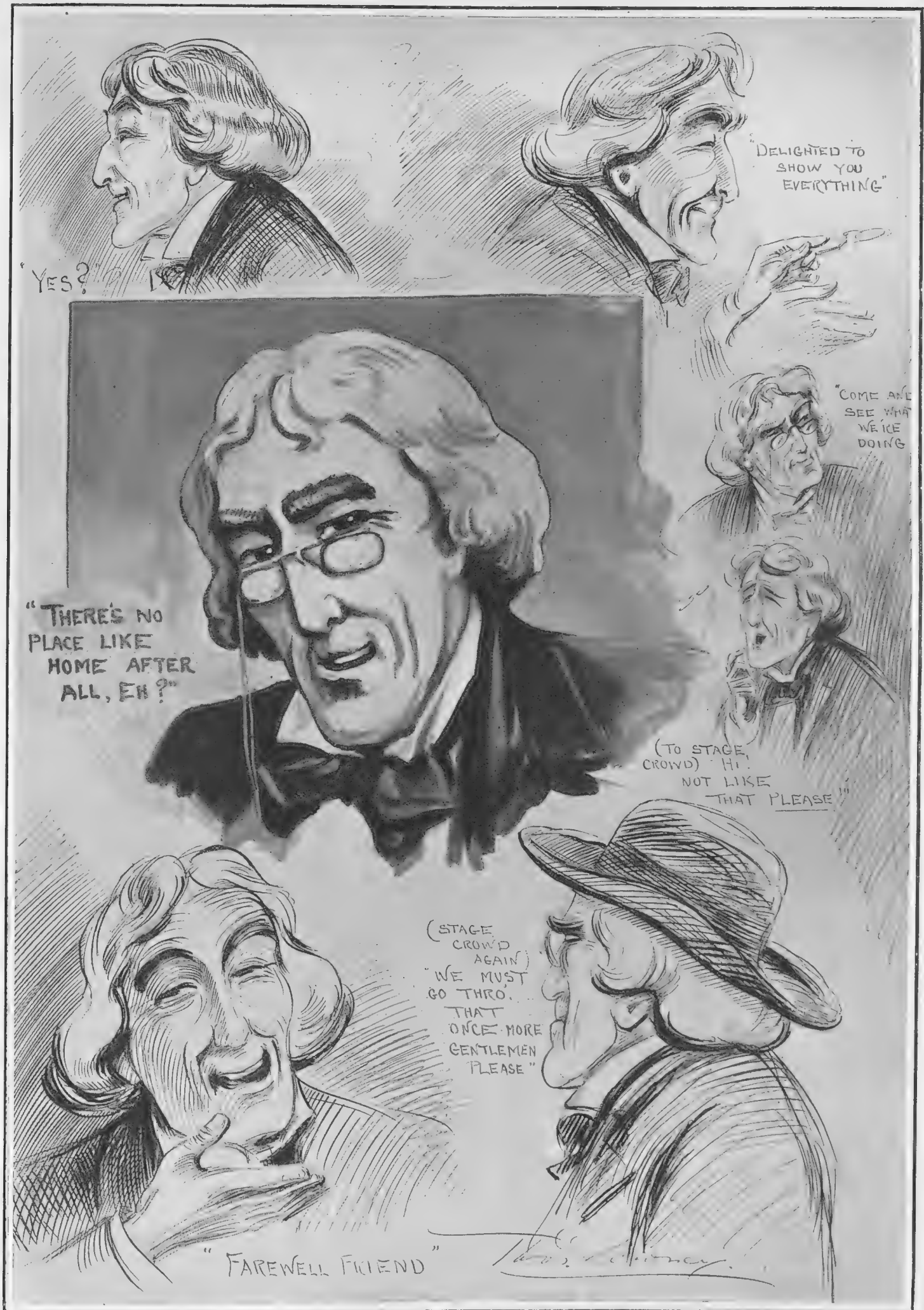


"SHE SPEAKS, YET SHE SAYS NOTHING: WHAT OF THAT? HER EYE DISCOURSES."

—ROMEO AND JULIET, Act II., Scene 2.

STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

BY THOMAS DOWNEY.



SIR HENRY IRVING AT REHEARSAL.

A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

AN ESCAPE IN REALISM.

By R. E. VERNÈDE.

Illustrated by John Hassall.



EVERYONE knows Mr. Simeon Loughborough by repute, for he is one of our romance-writers who attained the giddiest heights of popularity years ago, and has kept his place by the unceasing perfection of his workmanship. He looks young enough now, as his friends know, and Lady Anne, his wife, is still the only person allowed to comment upon the fact without incurring a rebuff.

But, then, she is aware of what most other people, by reason of the great author's sensitiveness on the point, are kept in ignorance, namely, that it was his very extreme youthfulness of appearance that gained him an introduction to his charming wife.

It happened in this way. Loughborough had just published his third novel, "The Cardinal Repentant," the book that finally made his name. The Press was full of it, and the public, for once in a way, had no difference with the Press. City men read it on their way to the City; ladies had it bound to match the colouring of their boudoirs; no library, to put the matter as the advertisements put it, was complete without it. It had a charm that was old-world, a sincerity that was as new as sincerity always is. On those things all reading people were agreed, and the incense of praise was burned to the author abundantly. He had a head to stand it, and a fourth novel simmering in the head. And, being above all things an artist, he left the babble and gush of town behind him and went and buried himself in a riverside village to renew his freshness.

It was the day after his arrival that Mr. Loughborough strolled out into the country. From his appearance, anyone might have taken him for a schoolboy playing truant. He was rosy-cheeked, fair-haired, and not more than five-feet-four in height, though he was apt to exaggerate on the subject. Clean-shaven, too, because, though he might have grown a slight moustache, it would have been so very slight. He preferred to think that the mistakes constantly made about his age were due to his being clean-shaven. Even great men prefer to deceive themselves sometimes. A Norfolk-jacket and straw-hat did not make him resemble Methuselah.

As he strolled along, Mr. Loughborough thought of the one adverse criticism that had been applied to "The Cardinal Repentant." That was to the effect that it was a little fanciful—lacking, in fact, in realism. Realism—in the sense of precision of detail—was rather popular then. And Loughborough was conscious that the criticism was true, and he was determined to remedy it. Experience—provided he kept an observant eye and an open mind—would be the thing. For instance (the young man's mind went to the chapter he was working on, a chapter in which a certain Prince, wishing to make sure between his friends and enemies, climbs into a tree outside the upper storey in which some conspirators have met), how would a man get up a tree if he were not used to it? How would he feel in climbing? Loughborough had not climbed a tree for some fifteen years, and he looked at the apple-trees in the orchard he was just about to pass with a curious eye. One in particular, that grew just over the river, and was laden with the finest ruddy apples, seemed to him decidedly accessible. Experience and an open mind—he repeated his needs to himself. Why shouldn't he get up that apple-tree and see what climbing was like once more?

It would not be a dignified proceeding if anyone were about. But no one was. Loughborough unfastened the gate leading into the orchard, went to the tree he had selected, and began to climb. His Prince would have no great difficulty in climbing a tree like that, particularly at night; but in the day it was pretty warm work. By the time Loughborough had shinned into the first fork, he was panting with the heat; by the time he had got into the second, his thirst was considerable. He sat back comfortably enough, and an apple dangled before him. Without a thought, he put out his hand and twisted it off. The juiciness of it induced a second, and a third, and Loughborough was thoughtfully consuming his fourth apple, when a growl reached him from below,



"Just you coom along down, ma boy. Ah've gotten you stealing ma fruit! Now you'll taste t' flogging."

Loughborough dropped his half-eaten apple in dismay and peered down. An irate, elderly farmer, with a cart-whip gripped grimly in his right hand, was standing at the bottom of the tree, and beside him was a powerful yokel, evidently one of his men.

"Sooner you coom down, ma lad, t' better," called the farmer, unpleasantly. "Ah doan't hold wi' jailing young stealers like you. T' whip's

what you want." And he cracked the one he held in an ominous manner.

Loughborough's position was unfortunate—much more so, indeed, than he supposed. For he did not realise that the old farmer took him for quite a juvenile offender. Consequently, though a trifle disconcerted by the momentary loss of dignity involved in the farmer's error, Loughborough decided that he had only to explain matters frankly.

"All right, my good man," he began; "you were quite justified in—"

"Ma good man!" The farmer echoed the address in a choking fury. "Coom you down, ma boy; coom you down! Ah'll good man ye! Ah'll—!"

Loughborough paused in the descent he had begun. This was most unlucky. The farmer had taken him up in quite the wrong spirit. He was cracking his abominable whip in a perfect fury. It struck Loughborough that he must make another effort to arrive at an understanding before he attained *terra firma*.

"Look here!" he cried. "You surely don't take me for an ordinary tramp and fruit-stealer?" He assumed as gentlemanly a pose as the somewhat precarious bough permitted. "Any damage I've done, I shall be glad, of course, to—"

The farmer guffawed tyrannically.

"A tra-amp! Ah doan't tak' count o' boy tra-amps. You're just a young ra-apsallion, an' you've had foor o' ma apples, an' now you've to pay for 'm wi' your skin. Are you coming down, ma boy?"

Again the whip cracked.

Loughborough realised that he was taken for a boy. That was the insulting thing. He had not even the dubious satisfaction of knowing that he was regarded as a footpad, which would have enabled him to see the matter in a humorous light. No; the farmer was going on to say that he, Loughborough, might be "t' parson's son," but he should smart for it, all the same. And Loughborough flushed like any boy.

"You insolent old scoundrel!" he cried. "I'll—"

"Are you coming down?"

"No."

If it had not been for the presence of the yokel, Loughborough, who did not lack spirit, would have descended and wrestled with the farmer like a man, despite the fellow's superiority in bulk. But the odds were against him, and the idea of being thrashed like a school-boy (as likely as not hoisted on the yokel's back before he could make things clear) was too much for him.

"No, you old skunk!" he cried, with a certain boyish relish in being able to call someone names again; "I'm going to stay here." And he deliberately picked another apple and began to eat it.

"Aah!" said the farmer, "tha-at's the game, is it? You'll gat it hotter'n you've had it at school, ma boy, when Ah've gotten a hold o' your scruff. Hi, Joe!" He hailed his man. "Oop t' tree wi' you! Arter 'un! Bring 'un down, Joe!"

Loughborough retired with a sinking heart to the upper branches of the tree. It was an unusually large apple-tree, and some of the boughs extended over the river, but, and nevertheless, it was hard to see how the yokel could be evaded for long. Not that Loughborough was going to give in. He was determined to grapple with Joe, if need be, and, albeit ignorant of the art of swimming, take the fellow with him into the river rather than come within reach of the old farmer's whip. Dignity was to Loughborough at that moment dearer than life, and he reflected dismally that the Prince of his new

romance, whom he had foredoomed to "a noble death (for all his tree-climbing), was that happier creature, a creature of Romance, compared with whose fate his own was hell. Perhaps, this was realism—this was the kind of thing experience and an open mind was to bring him to. He straddled at bay on an arm of the tree right over the river, and watched the yokel's ascent.

Meanwhile, a diversion occurred. Miss Tippens, an elderly lady whom, according to the village gossip, the farmer intended to make his second wife, happened along that way, and, hearing the farmer's voice raised in wrath, came all of a-tremble into the orchard. "Good-day to 'ee," said the farmer, seeing her.

"Coom to see t' way Ah treat bad boys, Miss Tippens?"

"Oh, dear! Is it a bad boy stealing your apples?" she asked, coyly.

"'Tis a young ra-apscallion wants t' whip," said the farmer, loudly, for Loughborough's benefit. "Reckon he'll gat ut. Reckon any la-ad as steals ma apples, ef er was ma own son to come, ud gat ut."

Miss Tippens blushed. She was kind-hearted, and also minded, as ladies in her position sometimes are, to try the effects of her persuasion on the farmer.

"What dreadful things boys are!" she said.

"Reckon they be."

"But, perhaps, it was only mischief with this boy," continued Miss Tippens, shaking a forefinger at Loughborough.

"Mebbe," said the farmer, grimly.

"If I was to ask you, now—"

"Doan't 'ee, now!" said the farmer, wavering.

"—To let him off, for my sake—" Miss Tippens' maidenly appeal was not without influence.

"Why—," said the farmer, still thunderous.

"—You would, wouldn't you?"

"Why, A h mought."

Here, then, was a chance for Mr. Loughborough. But, as it happened, he was not in the mood to take it. He was, as a matter of fact, bursting with suppressed indignation. To be pardoned as a boy was almost worse than to be whipped as one. And, when Miss

Tippens crooked a finger at him again and said, "Bad boy, come down, and perhaps Farmer Jull will excuse you this time," all the response that he could muster was—

"B-b-blast it!"

He deprecated violent language in the ordinary way and was a most courteous young man. But he blasted with energy on that occasion, and Miss Tippens, not understanding, grew hurt and pink.

"Oh, you wicked boy!" she said. "Swearing! You deserve what you get! I shall have nothing more to do with you!"

And she turned away, head in air, while Farmer Jull renewed his cry—

"Arter'un, Joe! Bring'un down!" the more furiously that chivalrous indignation was added to his previous anger.

Joe, who had paused to discover the effect of Miss Tippens' eloquence, now heaved himself on to the bough at the further end of which Loughborough sat, and matters looked ill for that celebrated author. For Joe was no light-weight. The bough stretched over the river, and, as the other advanced, Loughborough became conscious that his own end was rapidly sinking into the stream. He hung on with determined despair. Already his heels were on a level with the water, and Joe's hobnails threatened him from above, when a further diversion occurred.

There came down the stream a girl in a punt. She was alone and

punting herself gracefully. Being young—not, indeed, more than nineteen—her sympathy was with the weaker party, though she smiled mischievously at all in turn. Then, with a deft twist of the pole, she sent the fore-part of the punt under Loughborough. "Drop!" she said, quickly. And Loughborough, though he had not seen who it was coming, dropped, since he was unable to hold on any longer. The bough gave back with a spring that nearly precipitated Joe off, and the farmer looked blank. But Mr. Loughborough, still panting from his exertions, found himself voyaging downstream in a punt at the guidance of an unusually pretty girl in a straw-hat.

For a moment or two, neither of them said anything. Then the girl regarded him with a forced severity.

"You were a bad boy to be stealing apples, weren't you?"

Loughborough put his hands to his head. He was ready to cry with rage and mortification.

"Damnation!" he said, weakly.

Her eyes twinkled, but she compressed her lips tightly.

"If you're going to swear at me," she said, "I shall put you on shore near the farmer." She swerved the punt in that direction.

"Don't!" cried Mr. Loughborough, in alarm.

"Well, then, will you tell me if you don't think you're a very bad boy?"

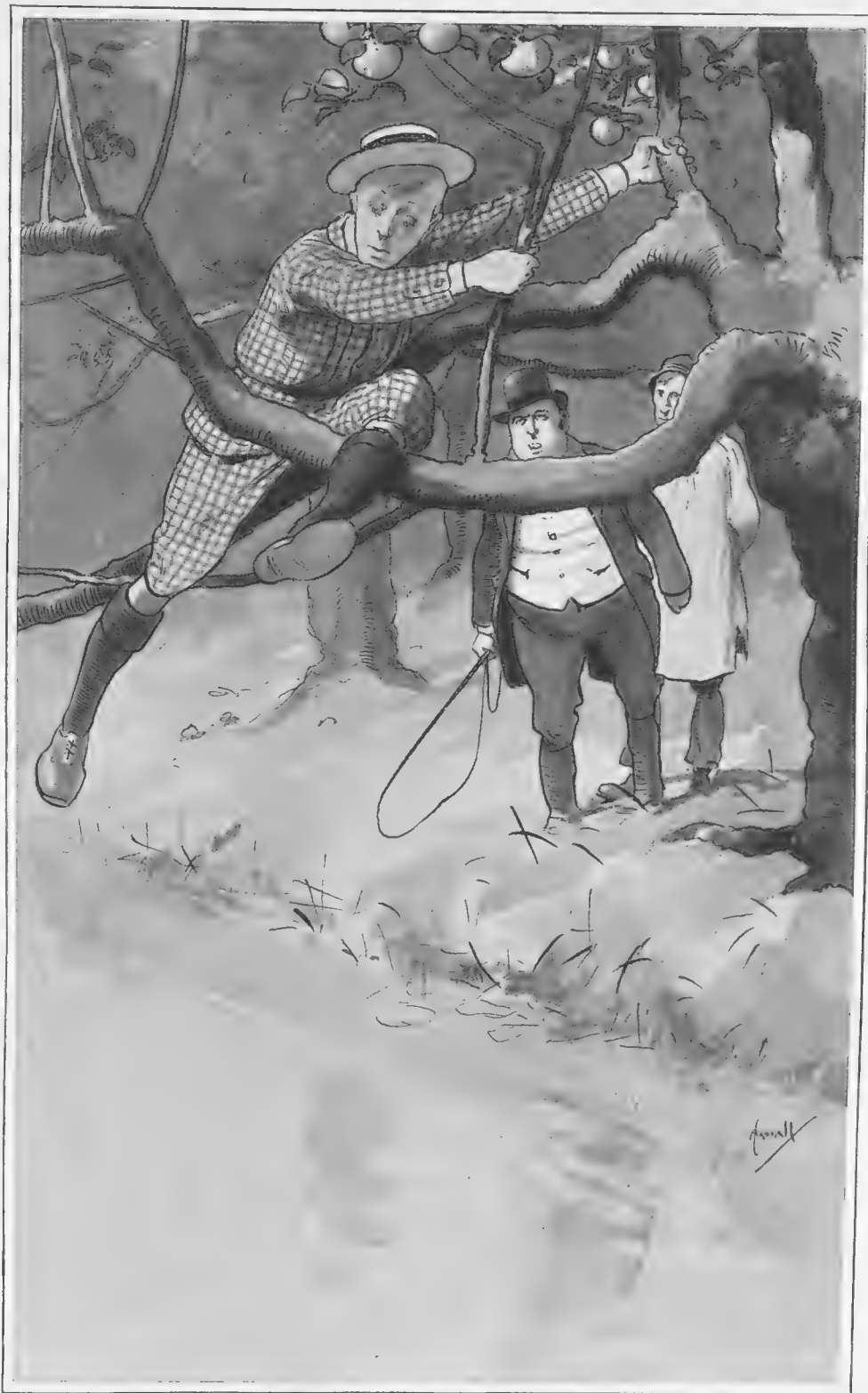
Loughborough looked about him wildly. His brain was bursting with all the

humiliations of the past half-hour. He tried in vain to view the matter from its frivolous side, to raise a laugh at circumstances. But only the ghostliest giggle came, and procured him a glance of almost magisterial displeasure.

"You must promise me never to steal apples again," she went on. This to him, Simeon Loughborough, a little God of Literature, from whose lips, in certain literary circles, ladies—not so beautiful, perhaps, (even in his anguish he made that reservation)—many grown-up ladies delighted to drink wisdom.

"I'll p-promise anything," stuttered Loughborough, at last, "if you'll give up calling me a boy."

She laughed charmingly. "That's always the way with boys. What shall I call you—a young man?"



"Are you coming down?"

"AN ESCAPE IN REALISM."

Loughborough groaned. It seemed beyond possibility to explain the thing. All the time she was regarding this bad, fair-haired boy, as he appeared to her—a nice-looking boy, it is true—with a provokingly elderly smile.

"Perhaps, when you are a man and go to the University," she said, "you'll wish you were a bo—only as old as you are now. My brothers always said they did. It is rather fun stealing apples, isn't it?"

Then Loughborough, in his distraction, caught sight of a book, lying half-open among the cushions, and he seized his chance.

"Have you read 'The Cardinal Repentant'?" he asked, suddenly.

"Yes," she said. "It's hardly a boy's book."

"Do you like it?" Loughborough pursued, sternly. He was eyeing his own novel with a savage intensity.

"Yes, it's simply splendid. But"—she hesitated, as if trying to allow Loughborough a more grown intelligence than one would naturally allow to so young-looking a stealer of apples—"have you really read it?"

"Twice," said Loughborough, grimly. "Once in manuscript and once in proofs. You see, I wrote it before I took to climbing trees and stealing apples."

She looked at him incredulously, but he went on, without pretending to notice—

"It's too romantic, isn't it? So far as I recollect, I made the hero about thirty years of age. Novelists often make heroes about their own age—egoism! But, if I'd been more experienced, I should have made him fifty, or else had him whipped by a farmer for stealing apples, and—and—the heroine would have helped him to put on his Eton collar."

Loughborough pursued his satire at his own expense and the girl's. She was blushing just a little under the floppy straw-hat, conscious of her mistake. No boy could have spoken quite like that. But it *was* funny, she thought, and presently she tinkled with laughter.

"And do you expect me to believe it?" she asked.

Loughborough took out his card-case (which he suddenly recollected) and handed her his card solemnly.

"How—how lovely!" she said. "And you're the author of the—? Oh! and I took you for a b—a young man!"

"A boy," said Loughborough, with some bitterness.

"So it was! How queer! But you were stealing apples, weren't you? And you will promise to be a good young—author, and not do it again?"

She was teasing him still, and Loughborough sat like a lamb. The punt was just nearing a landing-stage that backed on a green lawn, and between tall elms they could see a low-lying, red-roofed house.

"This is where I must stop," she said. "Are you—are you still swearing at me—inside?"

"No," said Loughborough.

"How nice of you! You see, it wasn't quite my fault. You do look rather young."

"I believe it's merely a first impression. People who know me—" Loughborough insinuated that he was usually regarded by his intimates as an elderly man.

She had stepped out of the punt and courtesied profoundly.

"Of course," she said; "only I haven't the honour, have I?"

"Might I be allowed to—to call?"

Loughborough's voice was eager, and, after all, he was a nice boy, and clever to write that book. So she gave him permission.

"I shall get some of our nicest apples for you," she said, turning back to laugh at him. Then she went over the lawn to the house, and Mr. Loughborough, watching her as she went, was unable to feel annoyed even.

Afterwards, he succeeded in proving to her that appearances were against him.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY.

By Lafayette, London and Dublin.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IT seems to be now decided—at least, it was up to the moment of going to press—that “Three Little Maids,” as written by Mr. Paul Rubens (with him formerly Mr. Charles Hands), and principally set to music by Mr. Rubens and by Mr. Howard Talbot, shall be produced at the Apollo next Saturday night. I have already informed *Sketch* readers that the story revolves around the rural and urban adventures of three daughters of a clergyman who come up to London in order to gain their own livelihood. I have now to add that this cleric, the Rev. Mr. Branscombe, Vicar of Market Mallory, will be played by Mr. John Beauchamp, that a fashionable local magnate, Lady St. Mallory to wit, will be enacted by Miss Lottie Venne, that Mr. Maurice Farkoa will impersonate M. de l’Orme, of the French Embassy, and the droll Mr. G. P. Huntley will represent a certain young noble Lord who is known among his “set” as “Daisy.” The three little maids bear the respective front-names of their respective charming representatives, namely “Edna” May, “Hilda” Moody, and “Ada” Reeve. This form of nomenclature will doubtless remind old-time playgoers of the habits and customs of the farce-writers who had to provide comic material for such celebrated low-comedians as are

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will, next Friday night, produce at the Opera House, Leicester, a new play, entitled “Conscience.” This piece has been adapted from the German, and in it Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will appear as brother and sister.

Under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, three matinées are being given at the Savoy Theatre (Monday, yesterday, and to-day) of a new and original musical play, by Alfred Scott-Gatty and N. C. Gatty, entitled “Tattercoats.” Miss Dorothea Baird, Madame Eldée (Mrs. W. Dunscombe), Miss Aynsley Cook, and Mr. Richard Temple appear, and Mr. W. H. Leslie conducts the Savoy orchestra. The performances are in aid of a new organ at Haileybury College. About fifty ladies and gentlemen, many of whom are well known in London Society, take part in the chorus.

MISS BRICKWELL

is the daughter of Mr. H. T. Brickwell, the well-known theatrical Manager who for so many years was associated with the eminent comedian, Mr. Edward Terry, and more recently the lessee and Manager of the Garrick and Court Theatres. Miss Brickwell made



MISS CLAIRE SEYMOUR, NOW APPEARING IN “SAPHO,” AT THE ADELPHI.

From a Photograph.



EUGENE STRATTON, THE COON-CAROLLER, AND JOE ELVIN, THE FAMOUS SKETCH-ACTOR.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.



MISS BRICKWELL, NOW PLAYING IN ONE OF MR. GEORGE EDWARDES'S COMPANIES.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

indicated in the titles of such plays as “Keeley in a Fix,” “Keeley Worried by Buckstone,” “Seeing Wright,” and “Seeing Toole.”

The scenes of “Three Little Maids” are laid respectively at the Golf Links of Mallory (where you will see a quaint “caddie” named “Cupid”), a Bond Street Tea Shop (where strange pranks are played), and Lady St. Mallory’s Drawing-room, where lady *Sketch* readers will be treated to some of the most delightful frocks and frills ever seen. I find the new play shaping very promisingly at rehearsal. It will really be a lovely production.

Lovers of Shakspeare will rejoice to learn that they are in due course to see Mr. Forbes-Robertson as Othello. Just before producing “Mice and Men” in the provinces, Mr. Forbes-Robertson played Othello with great success on tour, his charming wife, Miss Gertrude Elliott, making a pronounced “hit” as the gentle Desdemona. It seems probable that, when this interesting revival of “Othello” takes place, Mr. H. B. Irving will play Iago, one of his distinguished father’s greatest impersonations.

Before Mrs. Patrick Campbell (who sails for home on the 21st) reappears at the Royalty—if she reappears there at all—that theatre will pass, *pro tem.*, into the hands of Mrs. Lewis Waller, who will revive “Zaza.”

That long-talked-of Playgoers’ Club prize play, written by Miss Netta Syrett and now entitled “The Finding of Nancy,” will be presented at a special matinée at the St. James’s to-morrow (Thursday), with Mr. Alexander and Mr. Beerbohm Tree in the cast. You must not expect to find Mr. Tree having much to say. It is, in effect, a one-word part.

her début at the Court Theatre, under the management of her father, in “The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown,” and received several very flattering offers from London Managers. Being, however, an accomplished vocalist and dancer, she turned her attention to musical comedy, and is now playing Poppy in one of Mr. George Edwardes’s Companies.

MISS CLAIRE SEYMOUR.

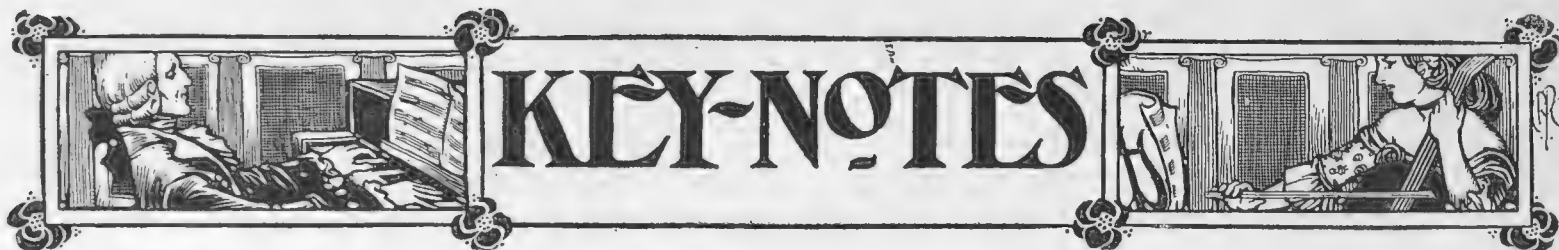
That charming young actress, Miss Claire Seymour, whose portrait is presented herewith, has of late been coming well forward in her profession. After achieving successes in sundry pantomimes, burlesques, and musical plays in the provinces, Miss Seymour made her first marked London success in “Hidenseek,” at the Globe. Since then Miss Claire Seymour has again successfully toured, and at the moment of writing this clever and charming young lady is appearing in “Sapho,” at the Adelphi.

EUGENE STRATTON AND JOE ELVIN

Our picture of Mr. Joe Elvin, the droll sketch-writer, and Mr. Eugene Stratton, the celebrated coon-caroller, represents the popular twain while making a “little book” on a certain sporting event just then impending. Joseph and Eugene are, in the intervals of business, often to be seen thus commercially engaged—on a friendly basis, of course.

MR. H. B. IRVING

has just started at Birmingham a five weeks’ tour with “The Twin Sister,” in which he played so splendidly at the Duke of York’s. Next week, Mr. Irving, M.A., will present this piece at Oxford.



THE most important musical event in London during the past week has undoubtedly been the Musical Festival which has been held at the Queen's Hall under the auspices of various conductors. Let us first award fitting praise to Mr. Henry Wood, under whose guidance Mr. Newman's orchestra has been trained into being what is probably the most sensitive musical organisation of contemporary times. But, just because it is so sensitive, it gives the opportunity to a great conductor to prove his musical worth, and such an opportunity was provided for Nikisch, who created an extraordinary sensation on Wednesday night by his playing of Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony.

In his interpretation of this work, Nikisch proved himself to be a musician of the very first rank; he handled the huge forces under his control with a keenness of musical instinct and with a sensitive delicacy that at times made one almost vehemently emotional. His manner was quietude itself, and the shallow observer might easily be led to think that he was conducting possibly with insufficient energy—with, perhaps, a certain coldness. No judgment could be more utterly wrong; as a matter of fact, the man's self-restraint only proved how heated was his musical passion. His dominion over the orchestra was complete; he swayed the players as a liberal wind might sway the leaves of the trees, and his musical influence was so fine that, at the close of the Symphony, one literally had the experience that a new thing had entered into one's critical life. Enthusiasm was abundant everywhere on the part of his audience, for, indeed, it would be difficult to think of any reasonable group of men who should refuse their tribute of admiration to so extraordinary an achievement.

Another conductor of the same Festival has been M. Ysaye. This is, of course, a very great and a very exceptional artist in his own way, and one knows him in his violin-playing as the possessor of a perfectly exquisite intonation and of the noblest of styles. It almost stands to reason therefore that, being provided with such an orchestra as that which has made the Queen's Hall famous, he should not do anything that was not musicianly; and well one remembers that at times we have vastly admired his powers as a conductor. But, to be quite frank, his conducting of one of the early concerts of this Festival proved his limitations in sympathy, even though it also proved the extent of his accomplishments.



KOCIAN, THE CELEBRATED VIOLINIST.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Then we have had Mr. Weingartner. Here is a contrast, if you please, when one compares him with Henry Wood, Nikisch, or Ysaye. Weingartner strikes one as being eminently respectable; his beat is of the most definite nature. Where Nikisch makes tremendous effects by the slightest of gestures, Weingartner enforces his points most definitely, and leaves no room for mystery or uncertainty as to his meaning. He is, one would say, not a great conductor, but he certainly is a conductor who by persistent assiduity has learnt, in a sort of negative way, how to reach a big achievement—by rejecting, that is, everything that might prevent a fortunate issue to his ambitions. On the whole, the London Musical Festival is the one celebration of its kind which introduces us to such a variety of musical tastes and of musical thought as should enlarge the outlook and make one realise the fluctuation and the flexibility—one had almost written, the personal equation—of music as it issues from under the wand of various great interpreters.



MISS SUSAN STRONG, WHO GIVES A VOCAL RECITAL AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL TO-DAY.

Even the most artistic elements of the musical world are for ever providing new sensations; the young violinist Kocian (for he disdains any other style or title) must assuredly be reckoned among the musical sensations of recent days. He is certainly a remarkably clever artist who takes his music very seriously and plays it very beautifully. He has great richness of tone, which rather reminds one at times of Joachim at his sweetest. That he has a considerable career before him must be obvious to any critic; and he plays so conscientiously, and with so resolute a mood of introspection, that he is not likely, I think, to be harmed by the indiscreet praise of perfervid admirers.

The Joachim Quartet has returned to us, and on the occasion of their first appearance they played three quartets of Beethoven which exemplified the attitude of that Master towards his art in the early, in the middle, and in the latest stage of his career. The works were, on the whole, played admirably, Joachim being assisted by Mr. Carl Halir, Mr. Emmanuel Wirth, and Mr. Robert Hausmann. It was curious enough to find that the simpler and earlier quartet of the three went far better than the others; the last was, perhaps, a little dry in the exposition afforded to it by these admirable artists. From among them one may select Mr. Hausmann, whose violoncello-playing was particularly fine and particularly touching.

Mr. Landon Ronald has just completed a commissioned ballet for the Alhambra Theatre in which he chooses for his subject the Empire of Britain. Jewel Dances (a Pearl Dance, a Ruby Dance, and a Diamond Bacchanale) will be the principal feature of the work. Mr. Ronald's important commission is only another step in that musical progress which has been so notable ever since the days when he played the pianoforte accompaniments in "L'Enfant Prodigue" of ever-green memory.

COMMON CHORD.

MISS SUSAN STRONG.

Miss Susan Strong, who will give her second vocal recital at the Bechstein Hall to-day (Wednesday), the day before the opening of the Opera Season, is, like so many of our great singers nowadays, an American, and hails from Brooklyn. As a child, she showed great talent for music, and at sixteen years of age commenced studying singing in earnest with M. Francis Korbay, the well-known Professor and composer. She made her debut at Covent Garden in 1896 as Sieglinde, and has since appeared with much success both in London and America as Eva in "Die Meistersinger," Brünnhilde, Aida, &c.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*Motor-Caravaning—A Desire for Dawdling—The Camera on the Bicycle—
The Matter of Clothes—What Not to Wear—Hedges and Views.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, May 7, 8.30; Thursday, 8.32; Friday, 8.33; Saturday, 8.35; Sunday, 8.36; Monday, 8.38; Tuesday, 8.39.

It is probable the next fashionable craze will be motor-caravaning. Anybody who has ever spent a holiday in a caravan knows the peculiar

charm there is attached to that kind of relaxation. One's oldest clothes are worn; flannel shirts are preferred to starched collars; it is not obligatory to shave every morning; meals are taken on a heath-side, and dawdling along at something under twenty miles a-day—which is all you can put caravan-horses to—you experience all the joys of a quasi-savage existence. Horses, however, have their limitations. They fall lame and sometimes lead to bother in providing a place for them for the night when a halting-ground is decided upon.

give a hint or two. The first thing is to be certain to have all-wool. Smooth-surface cloths are to be avoided, because they show up the dust and stain-spots. It is best to have a nondescript, pepper-and-salt sort of colour, and to have the clothes easy-fitting. There is too much of a disposition, just because people think it looks neat, to have knickerbockers that are tight. To have them fairly loose is the best. As to the jacket, some men prefer the Norfolk pattern, though I hold to the ordinary lounge-jacket. This is a matter in which personal taste should rule. Shoes are frequently a cause of trouble. There are one or two excellent cycling-shoes on the market, but the mischief is that they are little good for walking purposes. To the tourist, therefore, I would recommend a first-rate walking-shoe, to be used both for cycling and walking. Do not wear gaiters, or "spats," as they are familiarly called. There is some excuse for them in winter, but to wear them in summer is either affectation or to hide misshapen ankles. Besides, they interfere with proper pedalling. The man who wears "spats" when wheeling is cousin to the individual who wears riding-breeches and leggings when he goes for a walk. There is a touch of the ostentatious which proclaims a lack of breeding.

Automobilists are working up a little agitation in favour of thinning English hedges. They plead that the windings of our lanes make it a difficult matter on a motor-car to see what is coming in the opposite direction, and a removal of thick hedges at what may be called strategic points would be a great advantage. I was out motoring the other day with a friend, and he specially urged this point on me. Whilst, however, I could not but agree that in places the hedges did obstruct the view, I am too much of a lover of Nature to in any way help to despoil our country even of a fraction of one of its chief charms.

J. F. F.

ROUND THE WORLD BY MOTOR-CAR.

I am able to present my readers with a photograph of the "Passe-Partout" leaving Hyde Park Corner on the 29th ult. for the first stage of its journey round the world, and also photographs of Dr. E. E. Lehwess, the leader of the expedition, and Mr. H. Morgan-Browne, who has charge of all the literary labours. The route of the journey is from Paris through Brussels, Cologne, and Berlin to St. Petersburg, Moscow, Nijni-Novgorod, and thence through Asiatic Russia to

China, where the route will depend to some extent on the political situation in the Land of Chop-sticks. Crossing to Japan by steamer, the adventurers will proceed thence, *via* Honolulu, to San Francisco, across Mexico to New Orleans, and then north to Canada. The trans-continental journey will conclude at New York, where the party will ship to Liverpool, and, should all go well, the journey will end at its starting-point. Mr. Max Cudell, a well-known German automobilist, is one of the travellers. A photographic outfit is carried, and the explorers intend to make a special study of the economic possibilities of the Asiatic dominions of the Czar from the point of vantage of the car, which is fitted up in the style of a Pullman "sleeper."



DR. E. E. LEHWESS,
WHO WILL CONDUCT THE "PASSE-PARTOUT" MOTOR
ROUND THE WORLD.

Without doubt, motoring is the pastime of the age. Just as it is the ambition of every motorist to be able to boast of having covered an appalling distance within sixty minutes, most certainly there will be a swing of the pendulum in the other direction, and people will want to travel slowly by motor-car. This is already becoming the case. There are indications of the motor-caravan being a familiar sight in our country lanes. It can be most luxuriously fitted up, and, of course, there is no necessity whatever to have high-g geared or powerful engines.

I frequently receive questions from cyclists who photograph as to what is the best position in which to carry one's camera. Well, I am disposed to think there is no best position at all. I have tried many, and they have not been at all satisfactory. There is too much jolting for so delicate an instrument as a camera. With rubber pads and rests, a good deal of this is obviated, but not sufficient. If one must carry a camera on the bicycle, it is better to have it fixed behind the machine rather than in front, because there the jolting is somewhat less. The best position of all is to have it swung behind one, to a strap across the shoulders. This is not comfortable, but the camera suffers little. Personally, I carry a pocket folding-camera which is easily stowed in my pocket as I ride along.

I am no authority on fashions, but I think I know what is comfortable. The matter of clothing is all-important, and, as this is about the time of year many folks are purchasing new cycling-suits, I will



MR. H. MORGAN-BROWNE,
WHO ACCOMPANIES THE "PASSE-PARTOUT"
MOTOR EXPEDITION.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



THE "PASSE-PARTOUT" EMERGING INTO PICCADILLY ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 29,
TO START ON ITS LONG JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

Photograph by Photogetter.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Newmarket.

It was something like old times to be honoured by the presence of His Majesty the King at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting. His Majesty appeared to thoroughly enjoy the sport and the surroundings. It is a thousand pities that he should have such indifferent horses in training just now, but I am told that the Royal colours are bound to be to the fore at Ascot, by which time Marsh's two-year-olds will have come on a lot. His Majesty is, and always has been, a sportsman, and therefore is a good loser. He is a perfect judge of a race in running, and I am told that while the shouting went up for Thais for the Oaks, when she was leading at Tattenham Corner, the Royal owner of the filly told those around him that she could not win. It will be remembered that Canterbury Pilgrim, owned by Lord Derby, won cleverly at the finish. His Majesty, during his visit to Newmarket, had a look over R. Marsh's stables, and I do hope Master Dick will lead back some good winners in the near future, as he has a large and expensive establishment to keep up in Egerton House. No one outside the racing world has the remotest idea as to the expenditure required to run a big training establishment at Newmarket.

The Two Thousand.

I hardly know what to make out of the race for the Two Thousand. Some of the runners were palpably unfit, while the majority were very second-rate. Sceptre, to the delight of the crowd, won easily, and she must have been very unlucky to lose the Lincoln Handicap, for which race Mr. R. Sievier had backed her to win a fortune. When the genial Bob sold Duke of Westminster to Mr. Faber for £21,000, he told his friends he had a better left in his stable, and he was right. Mr. Faber's colt has gone off terribly, and he is, seemingly, only a commoner. Ard Patrick and Port Blair ran very badly, and their chances of a classic may be wiped off the slate. Mr. Sievier, it will be remembered, gave £10,000 for Sceptre as a yearling. She was a bargain indeed. The filly is trained on the healthy Wiltshire Downs in the near neighbourhood of Stonehenge, and, what is more to the point, Mr. Sievier acts as his own trainer. Randall, who rode the winner, is a son of Mr. Randall, the big boot-manufacturer of Northampton, who put up for his native town in the Conservative interest but was defeated at the last election. Randall *père* trains with A. Sadler junior, and is said to have won a pile over the victory of First Principal at Epsom. Young Randall has always taken a great interest in horses, and, after his school-days were over, he trained and rode a few. It soon became apparent that the youth shaped better than the best of 'em in the saddle, and he got plenty of riding as an amateur. At the commencement of this season he joined the ranks of the professionals, and he is bound, sooner or later, to make a big name for himself as a rider.

Chester and Kempton.

Some really good racing will be seen this week at Chester. This meeting has moved apace since Mr. R. K. Mainwaring became Clerk of the Course, and it is safe to predict that the maximum dividend of ten per cent. allowed by the Jockey Club will be paid by the Chester Racecourse Company for many years to come. The aristocratic patronage accorded the meeting is worth a bit, and it is worthy of comment that the crowd have taken kindly to the charge for admission to the "Roodee." The tea-saucer course is trying to many of the nervous jockeys, but the bold riders always do well here. From latest information to hand, I am compelled to suggest that Congratulation may win the Chester Cup. This horse won the Metropolitan easily, and ought to repeat the performance. Of course, the meeting of the week for Londoners will be the Kempton fixture, to be held on Friday and Saturday. The Sunbury enclosure just now is looking at its very best. The course is well covered with herbage and the trees are in

full foliage. The race for the Jubilee Stakes will, I take it, be the liveliest speculative medium of the spring. I am told of several horses that are to be backed by their owners. If Santoi is started, he will go very close—that is, if a good jockey is put up. I have never been able to make out why King's Courier beat Santoi at Newmarket last autumn. I am told, by-the-bye, that The Solicitor did not give his best running at Epsom. Jenkins, who rode Revenue to victory in the Duke of York Handicap last year, will have the mount on The Solicitor on Saturday, and he may get more out of him than Johnny Reiff did at Epsom. A street-corner tip for the Jubilee is Valiant, who is trained by H. Powney at Netheravon. According to rumour, this horse has been tried a certainty. Anyway, somebody bets like it.

Press Passes.

I am very glad to hear that the Stewards of the Jockey Club have, to a certain extent, given way in the matter of reporters' passes at Newmarket. It seems the pruning-hook was used to a pretty tune at the first onset. Indeed, one gentleman who holds an important position on a daily sporting-paper, and who had enjoyed a free entry to the Birdcage for twenty-seven years, received a polite refusal. Another sporting journalist of forty years' standing, who has collected thousands of pounds in the ring for charitable causes, was also refused a card of admission. But matters were made right in the end, and I believe the members of the Fourth Estate are happy once more. I do think the Stewards are perfectly justified in refusing passes to all but *bona-fide* representatives of representative papers, but in their labours of discriminating they should give due credit to those papers that are essentially run in the interests of the masses. Theatrical lessees believe in playing up to the gallery, and the Turf Senators and racing officials generally should do the same.



SCEPTRE, WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND AND ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS.

Ascot. The authorities are busily engaged in saying who shall and who shall not receive passes for the enclosure at Ascot. I am told there will be a record attendance of the foreign element, and that the strangers will, as far as possible, be accorded the courtesies of the place. I doubt if the sight of the Indian Princes who attended in the Jubilee year will be beaten even

in the Coronation year. At the same time, all will be gay, and, to judge from the reports received from the fashion-mongers, the colours will give the jockeys' jackets a long start and a beating. I have, by the way, heard this story before, but I have to yet live to see the colours worn by the knights of the pigskin exceeded in beauty by the ladies' dresses in any enclosure.

Tipsters.

The Earl of Durham evidently has a poor opinion of advertising tipsters. As I have said many times before, there are good, bad, and indifferent tipsters, but the bad ones are truly audacious. One of the advertising fraternity ran a horse the other day at a little hunt-meeting; the animal started favourite, but was beaten, and I am told the winner was backed by the owner of the beaten horse. Either advertising tipsters should be allowed to run horses or they should not. If the Earl of Durham thinks the Turf could do without their patronage, he has the remedy at hand. If not, he could easily manufacture one, as the Jockey Club is, as his Lordship says, the most autocratic body in the world. It can rule the roost and answer no questions, and 'tis right 'tis so. The Club has unlimited power, and it would do a lot of good to the Turf if at times it became a bit more assertive than has been the case of late. If, for instance, the Club found out that a jockey was unaccountably becoming rich, he should be sent off without any comment. One thing is certain, some of the jockeys who have accumulated thousands have not done so by honest labour alone; therefore, the gains, it can be taken as a simple mathematical problem, simply mean the losses of many poor, innocent backers who live to learn by the book that they were on the right horse at the wrong moment. I predict some lively times all round now that Lord Durham has got into office once more.

CAPTAIN COR.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE months, and the distinguishing climates which are supposed to properly appertain to each, have been executing a *chassé-croisé* of late, since April changed places with March and the credulous buds were beguiled into bursting quite four weeks before they should have done so.

March has revisited us with razor-like winds and zinc-coloured skies quite one calendar month later than these variegations were climatically due, and, in consequence, we have had to rush into furs and pay the penalty generally of our previousness in adopting light garments before their time and allowing ourselves to be blandished into a belief that the ideal spring had come to stay.

Altogether, and speaking atmospherically, we are in that transition stage of modes, moods, and atmosphere when it seems too optimistic to discuss lace gowns and too prehistoric to consider cloth ones. Capricious May is certainly upon us, but her phases are as skittish and uncertain as a two-year-old, and, if one ventures forth in a *crêpe-de-Chine* gown one afternoon, it may be only to sit sadly at home with a fire and a cold in the head on the following. The consideration of clothes, therefore, is entirely one of an uncertain futurity, and the dulness of the *demi-saison* is still a very apparent reality, not alone in London streets, but in its drawing-rooms as well.

From Paris, as well as with the best dressmakers here, one meanwhile hears of nothing but lace, one is allowed to consider nothing but lace. Its charms are undeniable, one is told, but so also are its fragility and its cost—points on which the modish modiste does not, however, insist, *bien entendu*. It can be clearly understood,

which Messrs. Waring have provided for the delectation of the public in their present exhibition of antique furniture, which includes unimaginably quaint and interesting souvenirs of all bygone periods. From Francis I., of oak and tapestried memory, even to the slim



A DAINTY GOWN OF PALE-BLUE FOULARD.

[Copyright.]

however, that a new frock which in this year of grace and glory does not largely participate in a lace-embellished surface cannot be seriously considered as a covering, much less a confection.

Among the multifarious attractions for the feminine mind which Oxford Street constantly produces, one of the most appreciated is that



[Copyright.]

DINNER-GOWN OF PALE YELLOW CRÊPE-DE-CHINE WITH APPLIQUE OF BLACK LACE.

elegance of Chippendale and suchlike, Messrs. Waring have been especially fortunate in securing some rare and valuable specimens of old French handicraft and upholstery, and, as the period of each Louis has come, separately and collectively, much into vogue of late years, the exhibition will appeal greatly to those who contemplate furnishing on these special lines. It also includes some delightful relics in ancient oak which would most decoratively reinforce the attractions of a country house. Various treasure-trove of old Italy can also be picked up by the connoisseur at comparatively moderate prices, some antique Florentine and Venetian brasses being in especially good preservation considering the hard knocks they must have received in their downward course through the centuries. Talking of brasses reminds me of a useful discovery whereby these ornamental accessories of the household may be kept in a state of dazzling brilliancy. The Matchless Metal Polish is a preparation quite free from the usual fatty acids, and so develops none of the poisonous copper compounds ordinarily known as verdigris, which generally result from contact with the ordinary polishing-paste of custom. Besides being entirely innocuous in this respect, the Matchless Metal Polish gives a most brilliant surface to brasses, copper, and plated articles. Its price, sixpence-halfpenny per tin, places it within the reach of the humblest households. Young housekeepers are hereby, moreover, advised that, in virtue of its many merits, it is well worth while to apply direct to the Matchless Metal Polish Company, Leeds Street, Liverpool, in case any difficulty should arise in procuring this invaluable article from the local oil-shop. The Matchless Metal Polish is, moreover, English-made, and has no deleterious compounds employed in its manufacture.

Lattice-work of black velvet has been used very freely of late as a decoration for yokes and sleeves. I went to that ineffable play, some days ago, "The Degenerates," and a young woman sat two rows ahead who nearly distracted my attention even from Mrs. Langtry's inexpressibly perfect frocks. This courageous lady in question wore a bodice entirely built of black velvet trellis-work over a pink silk foundation, and the effect was a most distressingly undressed one. A beautiful collar of diamonds and emeralds on a near neighbour whom I happened to know distracted me agreeably in the second Act. I admired it, and was astonished to hear from my candid friend that the only real stones in it were cabochon emeralds. It had

delicate tracery of this charming piece of gem-work quite prevents it from having an appearance of over-elaboration, which so large a piece of jewellery might otherwise show.

I would direct interested parents to the perusal of the capital little book, called "Infant Feeding and Management," just issued by those eminent authorities of hygienic foods, Allen and Hanbury, Limited, which deals with every possible departure of the infantile constitution, from rickets to measles, and the way of combatting same. The infantile dietary by Allen and Hanbury seems, by all accounts, calculated to produce a race of Jupiters and Junos in embryo, and young mothers may be heartily recommended to peruse



AN ATTRACTIVE DESIGN AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

been set at the Parisian Diamond Company's, who had suggested both their manner of use and the design for their exploitation. It was a lovely collar, and glittered as brilliantly as if its component parts had been dug out of De Beers. After all, as my sage neighbour very truly remarked, if one wants both variety and beauty in one's jewels, the Parisian Diamond Company can supply the most exigent requirements of vanity. The deftness of design, the lustre and sparkle of the stones employed, and the moderation of price, which is nowhere else obtainable, "make them justly so popular," a testimony of value, I take it, from a real live Countess, and a discriminating possessor, moreover, of many heirlooms to boot. The design of the Parisian Diamond Company which is presented on this page has all the charm of novelty, in addition to the foregoing advantages. It is a sort of abbreviated Zouave-front on a background of lace and brocade. The

its well-illustrated pages, which are procurable, post free, on application at 17, Vere Street, W., or Plough Court, Lombard Street, City.

The special matinée of "A Marriage of Convenience," which took place at the Coronet Theatre on Friday afternoon, was in every way a great success, both from the point of performance and of attendance. The National Animals' Hospital Fund—a most deserving and excellent cause—will, it is hoped, benefit considerably thereby. Mr. Acton Bond, as Comte de Candale, and Colonel Newnham-Davis, as the General, were particularly excellent. The Horse Ambulance so much needed in the streets of this big city is now in full working order, through the efforts of the Society, and it is to be hoped every lover of animals will help in some small way the humane efforts of the Hon. Sec., Arthur Coke, Esq., 29, Buckingham Palace Road, who works so unsparingly in this good cause.

SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 12.

THE MARKETS.

THE tone of the Stock Markets has been good ever since we last wrote, but the volume of business very small. It is abundantly clear that the public is not to be attracted by the prospects of Peace, and it remains to be seen whether they are likely to be more moved when the real thing is an accomplished fact. If there had been a striking and dramatic finish to the struggle on the veldt, there would have been, in all probability, as dramatic a scene in Throgmorton Street, but the present method of "drifting into Peace" is all against anything like a boom. Just as a long-drawn-out death usually prevents any extraordinary expression of sorrow in those who are left behind, so the present way of making peace is calculated to check any undue exuberance of speculation when the long-expected happens.

Probably it is all for the best, and a steady revival of business is more likely to be sound than the sort of flash in the pan which came in the early part of the year, and left so many small speculators in the unpleasant positions of caught bulls.

It is generally anticipated that the present negotiations will put an end to the War, and the House has quite made up its mind to Peace in a few weeks; but the effect of this anticipation has not, so far, made any appreciable difference to prices, nor can it be expected to do so until the public shows signs of returning to speculative frame of mind.

THE HOME RAILWAY RESURRECTION.

As prices stand at present, the bulls of Home Rails will have differences all on their side at the coming settlement. Great Eastern made up on April 23 at 103, Great Western at 138½, North-Western at 167½, and so on. The only stocks which have no fire in them are those of the two Scotch Companies principally known in the South, and these, of course, enjoyed an advance a few months ago. There is more disposition on the part of outsiders to put their money into Home Rails, more than has been noticeable for the last eighteen months, and this despite the fact that the traffic receipts, though good, are by no means sensational. There is a cycle in all markets; periods of fat and lean years. The lean cycle we have been going through, and now there is every indication that the Home Railway department may return to some of its former favour, although its prices will probably fail to attain the exalted levels reached in the last Jubilee boom of 1897. Considering the imminence of electrification, Metropolitan Consolidated has all the semblance of cheapness, and in a freer market would probably have improved its position more than it has already done this account. The Surplus Lands stock is possibly cheaper still, and Districts will, of course, receive a few more turns with the screw before the great change takes place. With the better tone in London and South-Western stocks, Waterloo and City should receive a fillip, and from 92 might easily be taken to 96. Of the Central London Railway's trio, the Preferred Ordinary is the safest both as regards interest and probable appreciation in value.

THE MINING MARKETS.

Assurance of Peace is the key-note of all the dealings in the South African Market, and the betting is still about four to one on the Proclamation being made within the next week or ten days. Common gossip says that ex-President Kruger—it is a pathetic figure that the obstinate, desolate old man presents—is buying Kaffirs hand-over-fist, and, though it is unlikely that this is the case, perhaps some of his Dutch supporters are among the supporters of the Kaffir Circus. Certainly, the orders to buy are coming from Amsterdam in very fair numbers, and, though it is possible that these originate from a veiled hand in London, the fact cannot be dismissed as wholly irrelevant to the present situation. The Kaffir Circus has set its heart upon Peace, and a sharp burst of professional buying would follow upon such happy news as we are all hoping for. After that, the course of Kaffirs depends largely upon the way in which the public respond to the piping of the market. Randfonteins should be worth following in the Land list, Langlaagte Estate in the Gold share section, and, of the proved Deeps, Bonanza shares might be profitably bought. Angelo Deeps we may reiterate as a

profitable speculation, and Goerz shares by way of a good specimen of the "group" class.

There is very little attraction to divert any public attention to Westralians. Except as regards the few leading shares, there is so limited a market in Kangaroos as to render the quotations in the daily papers very unreliable. In seven cases out of ten, the market are all sellers of the lower-priced shares, and those wishing to dispose of their holdings find they have to accept figures well below those which are quoted in the newspapers. Mr. Govett's statement at the Ivanhoe meeting had a slightly reviving effect upon the shares, but even now the bears persist that Lake Views are not worth half the £3 at which they stand. And the bears have had a most dismally successful way of being first with accurate damaging information. Unless he be disposed to wait a long time, the proprietor of Westralian shares would probably do better to convert Kangaroos into Kaffirs.

Were it not that many of the Jungle Companies pay to have their shares quoted, we should see the long list of West African prices greatly diminished in the daily financial journals. The market is dwindling gradually away, and only by solid gold-mining results can it be restored to real stability. Fortunately, there is a much better tendency towards working the mines instead of the Companies Acts, and keen interest is awaiting further results from the hitherto somewhat disappointing fields of Jungle.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"I tell you I won't stand it!" exclaimed The Broker, throwing his umbrella with unnecessary violence into the rack.

"Then why not sit down?" asked The Jobber, demurely.

"There's some fellow makes a point of retailing all the things we talk about every month to a wretched weekly—"

"It's going pretty strong if it puts in what you say, Brokie."

"Don't be such a"—
(The Banker's eye was upon him)—"a—fool," was all he said eventually.

"I vote that we all go and interview the Editor in a body."

"Or in a cab," proposed The Merchant.

"How are you going to get six souls into one body?" inquired The Engineer. "You might just as well talk of rolling six Railway Markets into a single."

"My!" ejaculated The Merchant. "Fancy Midlands lying down with Milwaukees, or Canadas with Little Chats!"

"Giddy market, that American," said The Engineer. "I've sold all my Louisville."

"You never know whence the next surprise may emanate," complained

The Banker. "My imagination quails at the thought of Great Western stock rising five-and-twenty points in as many days, and yet that is what has occurred with regard to Louisville and Nashville."

"It shows that you never know your luck," was The Merchant's sententious comment.

"It shows," The Broker continued, "that, in cases of investments, a man is bound by every law of moral certainty to do well out of a stock or share if he holds it long enough."

"A maxim of some excellence," approved The Banker.

"In other words," The Engineer remarked, inquiringly, "you believe that no man ever gets in at the top?"

"I don't go so far as to say that," was the cautious reply.

"But, of course, you apply the axiom to investments only?" urged The Engineer. "There's many an unlucky beggar—myself, for instance—who goes into a mining speculation out of which he never makes a farthing—out of which he never has a chance of making anything but loss."

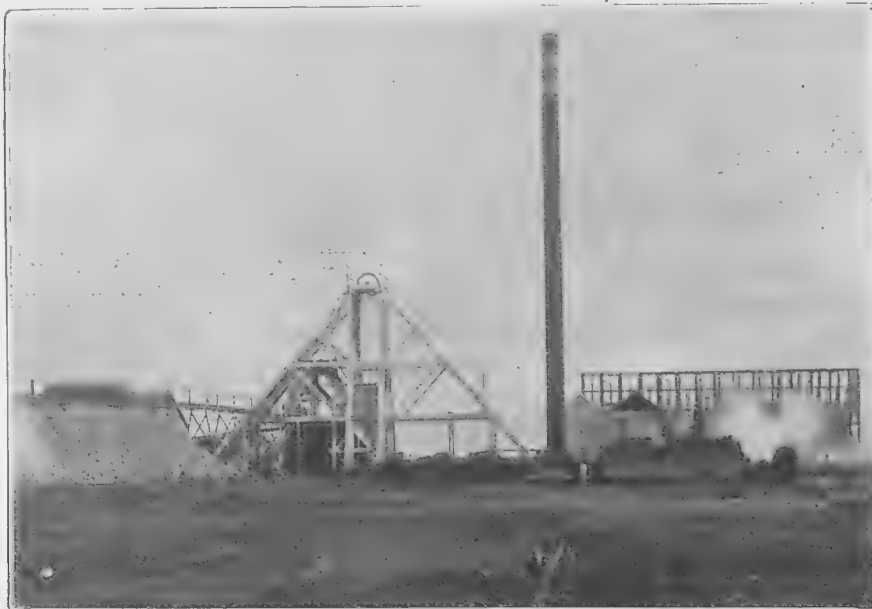
"Quite so," The Theorist answered. "My rule applies to investments, speculative or otherwise."

"Give us an example."

"Well, take anything you like. As a speculative investment, Eastern Telegraph stock at about 123 looks reasonably cheap. With the progress of the Pacific cable-laying and periodical fits of Macaroni—What's the matter with you fellows?"

"Fits of what?" asked The Engineer as well as he could speak for laughing.

"Of Marconi, I said. Haven't you heard of Marconi yet? With these two disturbing factors on hand, you may probably see the price of Eastern Telegraphs drop still further, but that it will come round again in course of time, who can doubt?"



KOOKYNIE, WEST AUSTRALIA: COSMOPOLITAN GOLD-MINE (ENGLISHMAN LEASE),
SHAFT AND NEW MILL.

"The business is sound enough, and I suppose the scares are only temporary, if we could see it," said The Merchant, speaking almost to himself.

"Oliver asks for more," quoth The Engineer. "Do you apply your rule to Industrials?"

"Certainly it applies, but not to the same extent," explained The Broker. "Supposing, however, that you were to lay in Pears' Soap shares, or London General Omnibus stock, or Welsbach, anything of the kind that bulks largely in the public eye, I honestly believe that by waiting—perhaps for years, perhaps months—the buyer would reap a profit."

"What a lot of selling orders we shall get in the autumn when our reapers come along!" And The Jobber closed his eyes as though he dreamt about Elysium.

"Then there must be handsome profits waiting for the purchaser of Argentine Government Bonds," smiled The Banker, catching the spirit of the discussion. "To say nothing of Brazilian and Chili securities," he added.

"My dear sir, your suggestions are most apt——"

"Never patronise your best client," advised The Jobber in an undertone.

"——And they quite fit in with my own ideas. Argentina may go to war, and her stocks to half their present values; but, mark my words, a man who buys to-day will be sure to see a profit some time or other."

"Provided he holds his stock long enough," The Banker finished.

"The theory is interesting," The Engineer admitted, "but to work it to the bitter end would require more patience than I, for one, have got."

"You see," said The City Editor, who had just got in, "you are not a member of the Stock Exchange."

"All things come to him who deals," observed The Jobber, with unwonted content, "and, so long as you drop on to things which seem decently cheap to start with, I daresay Brokie's idea is all right."

"Of course, you mustn't buy Etruscans," suggested The City Editor.

The Broker's horrified face was an answer without words.

"Can't make out that market for the life of me. I'd rather gamble in Americans, hanged if I wouldn't."

"I don't see any particular break in Yankees now, perhaps because I am blindly prejudiced," apologised The Engineer. "The States are bouncing along in prosperity for the present, and, though we all know the crash must come in time, I see no signs of it yet."

"It's my personal belief that you can still buy yourself the little Americans, just as though they were some of The Broker's investments," considered The Merchant. "I believe they will all have a sharp rise, even now."

"Aren't we beautifully bullish this morning!" admired The Jobber. "What good digestions we must be enjoying!"

"You can buy me the usual number of Readings, please," The Merchant told The Broker.

"My fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Trunks," The City Editor averred.

"How many?" asked the practical Broker.

"Aha!" laughed his friend. "I never speculate. It biases the mind. You find it hard enough to be impartial when you have no stake in the market; if you are a bull of this and a bear of that, the trouble must be multiplied a hundredfold."

"That's what I find," agreed The Broker.

"Me too," chimed in The Jobber. "I determine to be perfectly impartial in speculation, but my mind invariably swings over to the profit side."

"And your accounts also, I trust," The City Editor chuckled, as though he knew something.

Saturday, May 3, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

J. M. H.—There is no reason to sell Nos. 1 and 2. We do not expect No. 3 to see 38 again for a long time. The shares are very good and the Company well-managed, but competition is severe and the days of practical monopoly over. The Uruguay Railways are fair speculations, but we would rather chance Grand Trunk Third Preference or Leopoldina shares.

J. R.—It is probably a waste of money to join.

PRO-BOER.—We are sick of being asked what price this mine or the other mine will go to when the War is over. See answer to "Green" in our issue of April 23. Take any reasonable profit as soon as you can get it.

SPERO.—The market thinks South African Cold Storage are a promising speculative share. The Telegraph shares would not suit our book to hold.

F. E. R.—The Pref. shares are good enough to hold, especially if you merely want the income, which we think safe enough.

CAESAREA.—(1) It seems foolish to sell any Kaffir share just as we are on the eve of Peace, but on this class of mining share you should take a fair profit whenever it can be got. (2) We do not like the Trust. Some day there will be a big smash, but probably not yet. (3) We should hold. (4) We have no faith in the concern. As to Goerz, we think them a good purchase. If they pay 10 per cent. in War-time, you may expect much more when things are normal. Have no dealings with the bucket-shop whose letter you send us.

PUZZLED.—We have little faith in the concern and less in the Chairman.

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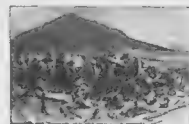
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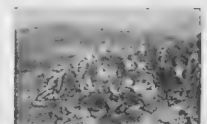
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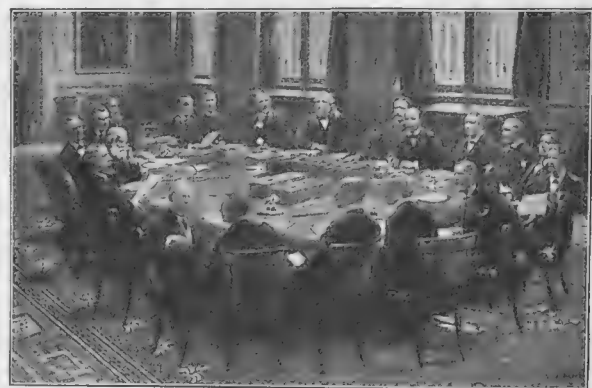
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